

McKINLEY IS DEAD!



End Came At 2.15 This Morning.

President Gradually, As A Child, Slipped Away Into The Shadow.

Milburn House, Buffalo, N. Y., Sept. 14, 2:15 a. m.—President McKinley has just died. He had been unconscious since 7:50 o'clock last evening.

MILBURN HOUSE, BUFFALO, Sept. 14, 3:00 A. M.—President William McKinley died this morning at 2:15 o'clock. He had been unconscious since 7:50 last evening. His last conscious hour on earth was passed with the wife to whom he had devoted a life time of care.

The president died unattended by any minister of the gospel, but his last words expressed his humble submission to the God in whom he had always believed.

He was reconciled to the cruel fate forced upon him by an assassin's bullet and faced death with the same calmness and poise which had marked his honorable career.

The president's last conscious words, as reduced to writing by Dr. Mann, who was close to his bedside, were: "Good by, all, good by. It is God's way. His will be done."

The president's relatives and the members of his official family who were at the Milburn house, (with the exception of Secretary Wilson, who did not avail himself of the opportunity,) and some of the president's personal and political friends, took a last look at the dying man.

The painful ceremony was very simple. They went to the door of the death chamber, one by one, and from the sill cast a longing glance at the dying statesman. The president was practically unconscious during this time.

Powerful heart stimulants and oxygen had to be employed by the physicians to restore him to consciousness for the farewell meeting with his wife.

He asked for her, she came and held his hand. She showed the same bravery and fortitude which have characterized her ever since her husband was shot by the assassin in the Temple of Music.

The immediate cause of the president's death is undetermined. His physicians disagree, and it is possible that an autopsy may be necessary.

The body will be removed to Washington, and there a state funeral will take place.

Vice President Roosevelt, who now succeeds to the chief executive's chair, may take the oath of office wherever he hears the news of Mr. McKinley's death.

The members of the cabinet, of course, will all resign, and Mr. Roosevelt will have the opportunity of forming an entirely new cabinet, if he so chooses.

AFTER THE END CAME.

MILBURN HOUSE, Sept. 14, 4:00 A. M.—The announcement of the president's death to those waiting down stairs was postponed until the members of the family had withdrawn. Through Secretary Cortelyou, the waiting newspaper men outside received notification of the end. In a trice there was the keenest excitement on the broad avenue, but not the slightest trace of disorder.

When the news was communicated to the party downstairs, a great sigh of anguish went up from the strong men present.

The cabinet members, senators and immediate friends of the dead president, with mournful tread and bowed heads, walked away through the darkness. Not one of them had a dry eye, and some even moaned in their grief.

The military guard was augmented about the house, but the crowd was not long in melting away after hearing the news. They gave unmistakable evidence of their deep sorrow.

In a short time the newspaper men, police, sentries and others whose duties kept them abroad were the only persons in the immediate vicinity.

Those in the death chamber when the president passed away were Secretary Cortelyou, Dr. Hixey, Mrs. and Miss Barbour and Miss Duncan.

THOSE LAST LONG HOURS.

MILBURN HOUSE, Sept. 13.—Before six o'clock this evening, it became clear to those at the president's bedside that he was dying, and preparations were made for the last farewell from those nearest and dearest to him. Oxygen had been steadily administered, but with little effect, the president coming out of one period of unconsciousness only to relapse into another; but while his mind was partially clear there occurred a series of events that were profoundly touching.

Down stairs, with drawn and tear stained faces, were grouped the members of the cabinet, aware that the time was rapidly approaching when they must leave the president for the last time on earth. This was about six o'clock. One by one, they ascended the stairs, Secretaries Root and Hitchcock and Attorney General Knox. Secretary Wilson was also there, but held back, not wishing to see the president in his last agony.

The cabinet members made only a momentary stay on the threshold of the chamber, and then withdrew, with tears streaming down their cheeks.

After they left the physicians rallied the president, and almost immediately he asked for his wife. The doctors fell back into the shadows of the death chamber as Mrs. McKinley came in.

The strong face of the dying man lighted up faintly as he saw his wife and they clasped each other by the hand. She sat beside him and held his hand and despite her evident weakness, bore up bravely.

In the last moments of the president's final period of unconsciousness, which ended at 7:40 o'clock, he faintly chanted a part of the beautiful hymn, "Nearer, My God, To Thee."

His last audible words were uttered soon afterward. As taken down by Dr. Mann, they were: "Good by,—all goodly. It is God's way. His will be done."

Then his mind began to wander and soon he lost consciousness entirely. At 8:30, the administration of oxygen was discontinued and the president's pulse grew fainter and fainter. Gradually, like a child, he was slipping away into the eternal slumber.

At ten o'clock, there was no longer any pulse in his extremities and they grew cold.

At 11:47, Dr. Janeway of New York, the heart specialist, arrived and was admitted to the house.

MILBURN HOUSE, Sept. 14, 1:00 A. M.—At this hour President McKinley is barely breathing. It is scarcely discernible. His pulse has stopped and his extremities are cold. He is still alive, however, and the doctors are unable to tell whether minutes or hours will mark the continuance of his earthly existence.

1:30 A. M.—An attendant has just come from the Milburn house, who says the president's pulse has shown practically no activity for hours. There is now only a very slight heart beat. All the doctors are still up stairs and near at hand to the president.

The president has been unconscious since 11:40 tonight. Dr. Mann and Dr. Janeway, the New York heart specialist, who arrived at midnight, are with the president.

Dr. Janeway agrees with the other physicians that there is no hope. Whether artificial respirators are being resorted to, or not, cannot be learned.

EARLIER BULLETINS.

MILBURN HOUSE, BUFFALO, Sept. 13, 9:49 P. M.—The crowd gathered in front of the Milburn house is waiting for the announcement of the president's death.

It is learned that the president's last



MRS. MCKINLEY.

words were, "God's will, not ours, be done."

9:50 P. M.—The president is slowly dying. Secretary Cortelyou sent this announcement out from the house at half past nine o'clock. Dr. Mynter said that there was hardly any pulse and that the body was cold. The president may last until two o'clock, but he may die at any moment.

The president's extremities are cold with the approach of death. The last sad offices in the death chamber were performed and the president lapsed into unconsciousness after a brief period of consciousness.

Mrs. McKinley was led into the room and an affecting scene took place. The members of the cabinet, one by one, were afterward admitted and saw the president for a moment.

Then there was a hush. The president chanted a portion of the hymn, "Nearer, My God, To Thee."

Just before becoming unconscious, he begged the physicians to let him die.

CROWD'S RAGE AGAINST ASSASSIN.

BUFFALO, Sept. 14, 3:00 A. M.—The rage of the people of Buffalo against the president's assassin, when they learned tonight that the president was dying, was boundless. An immense crowd, probably numbering twenty thousand people, surrounded the jail where the Pole is confined, and it took the entire police force of the city and two regiments of state militia to insure the safety of the prisoner.

THE BELLS TOLLED.

The Sad Tidings Announced From Local Steeples.

Intelligence of the president's death was first received in this city by the Herald, at 2:25 o'clock this morning. It came in the form of a very brief bulletin from the Associated Press and was

followed in a few minutes by the fuller details of the president's final hours.

Immediately upon receipt of the sorrowful tidings, the Herald telephoned to City Clerk Peirce, who in turn went across the street to the residence of Mayor McIntire and notified him. The mayor directly came down town, and in a short time the bells commenced to toll.

The first solemn stroke proceeded from the steeple of the North church, at seven minutes after three o'clock. Soon all the church bells in Portsmouth were sending forth, in sad rotation, their sorrowful announcement to the sleeping city. They continued ringing for an hour.

HALF-MASTED HIS FLAG.

Mr. Charles Abbott learned the news of the president's death by the tolling of the bells and he immediately arose and raised his flag at half-mast. This was no doubt the first flag to be flying at half mast in the city but by day break scores of others were seen telling to true the sorrowful tidings.

RAILROAD HEARING.

A hearing before the railroad commission was held in Seabrook on Friday afternoon over the conditions under which the Seabrook Beach street railway shall be allowed to construct and operate its road at Noyes' crossing in that town. The full board, consisting of Messrs. Putney, Sanborn and Faulkner, was present. Hon. John M. Mitchell of Concord appeared for the Boston and Maine railroad; S. W. Emery, Esq., for the electric road, and Page and Bartlett for the town of Seabrook.

Rheumatism

What is the use of telling the rheumatism that he feels as if his joints were being located?

He knows that his sufferings are much like the tortures of the damned. What he wants to know is how to permanently cure his disease.

That, according to the testimonials, is Hood's Sarsaparilla. It promptly neutralizes the blood on which the disease is completely eliminating the system against Hood's.

M'KINLEY

His Career From Its Humble Beginning In a Small Town to the Presidency of the United States.

Long and honorable was the public career of William McKinley. It extended from the time when, as a mere stripling, he held sway in a log cabin country school to the tragic moment when, as chief executive of the nation, he was felled by the assassin's bullet. During all that time his record suffered neither blot nor blemish. He was tested as a soldier, as a lawyer, as a politician, as a statesman, as the head of the nation. In each case he stood the test.

In private life he began by being a manly boy, a dutiful and obedient son. He continued as a faithful and loving husband, one whose example has had its good effect on the national character. His life was typically American, the life of an American of the best type. And through it all he was a patriot. Above personal ambition were ever in his mind his country and his country's good.

William McKinley came from that dominant race that has furnished this nation with some of its greatest soldiers and statesmen. He was Scotch-Irish by descent, and his ancestors immigrated to this country early enough to have sons who took a patriotic part in the war of the Revolution.

The family removed from Pennsylvania to Ohio in 1814, and from that day has been identified with that state not in a great public way, but simply as faithful and devoted citizens, not striving for particular eminence, but notable for sturdiness of character and integrity.

It was among such people and of them that William McKinley was born at Niles, in Trumbull county, O., Feb. 23, 1844.

A younger son, he was destined by his father, after whom he was named, for the bar. He was educated at the public schools, and later entered Alle-



McKINLEY AS A BOY.

ghany college at Meadville, Pa., teaching school to pay his tuition fees. Scarcely was he matriculated when the civil war came on. He was but a stripling of nineteen when he entered as a private.

McKinley, as those who remember him as a boy in Poland, O., declare, was a real boy, full of fun, loving athletic sports, fond of horses and hunting and fishing and all outdoor exercise, and yet at 16 we find him taking upon himself a serious view of life. The church records show that in 1862, when he was hardly 18, he united with the Methodist Episcopal church of Poland.

McKinley's father was an iron manufacturer and a pioneer in that business. William was his third son, the oldest being David, the second James and the youngest Abner.

McKinley's mother was alert and vigorous, mentally and physically, up to the time of her death, which occurred when she was nearly ninety years of age.

Major McKinley's home life was very happy despite the fact that his wife was an invalid. Mrs. McKinley was Miss Ida Saxton, daughter of James and Mary Saxton of Canton, O. She received an excellent education, spent some time at her father's assistance, and was said to have been a beautiful girl.

As a soldier.

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be trained," said her father, "to buy her own bread if necessary, and not to sell herself to matrimony."

She had many suitors, but Major McKinley, then a rising young lawyer, vanquished all rivalry, removed the young woman from the cashier's window and won from honest James Saxton these words when the hand of the daughter was gained:

"You are the only man I have ever known to whom I would intrust my daughter."

Mrs. McKinley always assisted her husband in politics. Her ill health in no wise deterred her from enjoying the political honors he won, nor did it prevent her from being a wise counselor. Her presence time and again served as an inspiration to her husband. When political preferment first came to McKinley, it was his wife who convinced him that he should accept. She believed implicitly in his talents, and that his service would be for the good of the state she was certain. She never wavered in her faith in her husband's convictions.

Mrs. McKinley had confidence in her husband not only as a public official,

but as a man. Her illness was often overcome by her affection, and she traveled thousands of miles when she was weak in body merely that she might be near him. She encouraged him by word, look and presence, and he in knightly style returned the favors and reciprocated the sacred affection. Her home life was short, for out of the thirty years of married life more than twenty-four were passed by her husband in the public service.

Mrs. McKinley for years has spent much of her leisure in crocheting those dainty little slippers which have so many times brought sunshine into gloomy hospital wards in various parts of the country. It is said that she has knitted over 5,000 pairs of these slippers in her twenty-six years of invalid life. In appearance Mrs. McKinley is of medium height, with brown hair and large deep blue eyes. Although an invalid, she was fond of making and receiving calls and often went on shopping tours. Mrs. McKinley never cared much for dress, although her toilets have always been in excellent taste.

For many years Mrs. McKinley's face has betrayed a faint languor, suggestive of the invalid, but it is fair and bears a stamp of beauty, in spite of the fifty-five years she carries. Her ill health dates from girlhood. As a student she with difficulty undertook the studies of the course, by reason of this condition, but with constant care and frequent medical attention she overcame all trouble sufficiently to enjoy life and to taste of its pleasures. Her actual invalidism dates from the birth of her second child, in 1871. This child died in its infancy and was followed by the first child, a daughter of three years, a short time afterward. Mrs. Saxton, Mrs. McKinley's mother, also died about this time. These sorrows were more than she could bear, and she never recovered.

A little story of McKinley's home acts while governor may be of interest.

No less than his attention to his wife, his thought and care for his mother, particularly since his father's death in 1892, have attracted comment.

It had been his custom while at home in Canton to take his mother to church each Sunday morning. When he went to Columbus as governor, he determined to keep up the practice as much as possible, and unless the press of public business was very great he always slipped quietly over to Canton from the state capital on Sunday mornings and walked to church with his mother on his arm. The next train would carry him to Columbus, where his wife awaited his coming. Naturally the mother looked with pride on such a son, and she followed with keen interest the progress of his first presidential campaign.

Young McKinley had been a keen observer, so far as his opportunities went, of the political events that culminated in the firing on Fort Sumter. The call of the president for troops found a quick response in his breast, and when the drums and fifes aroused the echoes of the quiet streets of Poland among the first applicants for enlistment was William McKinley, Jr.

It was a new experience and a new school that the eighteen-year-old boy entered, this school of war, but he had wonderful teachers. It was his good fortune that assigned him to the Twenty-third Ohio. The recruits that composed it were in June, 1861, mustered and formed into a regiment. Its first colonel was William S. Rosecrans, afterward major general commanding the department of the Cumberland. Second in command was Stanley Matthews, who was a splendid soldier, but won his greatest honors in civil life by

becoming United States senator and justice of the United States supreme court, and Rutherford B. Hayes, afterward governor of Ohio and president of the United States. These are a few of the illustrious men who were borne on the roll of officers of the gallant regiment in which marched Private William McKinley, Jr.

He carried the musket for fourteen months; then he was promoted. But he won his promotion honestly. His comrades of the rank and file bear testimony to the fact that he was a good soldier; that he performed every duty devolving upon him with fidelity and intelligence and without complaint. They congratulated him, therefore, when he was made commissary sergeant of the regiment. Later, after Antietam, he was made a second lieutenant, and the Mahoning county boy had risen from the ranks.

He was now to all intents and purposes a trained veteran. He had had his baptism in blood at Carnifex Ferry. He had gone through the West Virginia campaign and become a part of the magnificent Army of the Potomac under McClellan. South Mountain and Antietam had been made immortal by the blood of heroes, and the shoulder straps were worn with a due but not exaggerated realization of the responsibilities they implied. He became a second lieutenant on Sept. 24, 1862. He was promoted to first lieutenant Feb. 7, 1863. His commission as captain bears date July 25, 1864.

The brevet rank of major was conferred by President Lincoln "for gallant and meritorious services at the battles of Opequan, Fisher's Creek and Cedar Hill." He was with Sheridan in the Shenandoah campaign, was at Winchester, Cedar Creek, Fisher's Hill, Opequan, Kernstown, Floyd Mountain and Berryville, where his horse was shot under him, and in all the battles in which the Twenty-third participated. He served on the staff of Generals Hayes, Crook, Hancock and Carroll. He was mustered out with the regiment July 26, 1865, after more than four years' continuous service.

When the war closed, McKinley was just twenty-two. He was full of youthful enthusiasm and ardor, and he returned to his home in Ohio fully expecting to accept the flattering offer of a commission in the regular army. But to this his parents offered strong opposition. They pointed out the small rewards that come to the soldier in time of peace. At length he yielded to their persuasions and reluctantly gave up his dreams of martial glory and bent his mind upon the pursuits of peace. The war had ended all thought of a collegiate career. He cast about for a profession, and naturally, considering the bent of his mind, he chose the law. He became a student in the offices of Charles E. Glidden and David Wilson, then leaders of the Mahoning county bar. He supplemented his reading by taking the course at the Albany Law school and in 1867 was admitted to the bar. He located at Canton, where he formed a partnership with Judge Holden.

He was an excellent advocate, even in those early days, and made some of the best jury arguments ever heard at the Stark county bar. At the time he was first elected to congress he enjoyed one of the best general practices in the county.

As a lawyer Mr. McKinley was always thorough and careful in the preparation of cases. He had the confidence of everybody and soon became particularly prominent as an advocate. He prepared himself by thorough courses of reading for his public career. He resembled Garfield much in this respect and possessed elements of strength by reason of his thorough study of political subjects. He seems to have had in view from the beginning the devotion of his life to public service. During all his early professional years he was an active participant in Republican campaigns and early gave evidence of the power he later developed as a public speaker and orator. The plan of his political speaking was always the same. He first thoroughly mastered the subject in hand and then presented it forcibly.

Major McKinley was but thirty-three years old when he was elected by the people of his district to represent them in congress. There he soon made his mark and was returned at each subsequent election until that of 1890, in which year a change in the boundaries of his district defeated him by a majority of only 302.

While in congress he served on the committee on revision of laws, the judiciary committee, the committee on expenditures in the postoffice department and the committee on rules. When General Garfield received the nomination for the presidency, Mr. McKinley was assigned to the vacancy on the

committee on ways and means. He served on the last mentioned committee until the expiration of his last term as representative. While chairman of this committee he framed the McKinley bill, which afterward became a law.

McKinley was a protégé of ex-President Hayes, and up to the time of the latter's death he recognized the ex-president as his adviser and counselor. He was in General Hayes' regiment during the civil war. General Hayes knew him and his father well, and saw in the dashing young cavalier the germ of greatness. He needed a counselor, an adviser, a friend, and General Hayes watched over him with the filial love, devotion and pride of a father.

The war ended, McKinley still remained an object of hope, of interest and pride to General Hayes. McKinley became a candidate for congress and was elected. When Hayes was president, McKinley was in the house of representatives. The major was a frequent welcome visitor at the White House. One day the president gave McKinley advice, which made McKinley the foremost champion of a protective tariff. President Hayes thus spoke to the young representative:

"To achieve success and fame you must pursue a special line. You must not make a speech on every motion offered or bill introduced. You must confine yourself to one particular thing. Become a specialist. Take up some branch of legislation and make that your study. Why not take up the subject of tariff? Being a subject that will not be settled for years to come, it offers a great field for study and a chance for ultimate fame."

With these words ringing in his ears McKinley began studying the tariff and soon became the foremost authority on the subject. The day upon which the "McKinley tariff bill" was passed in the house must always stand as the supreme moment of McKinley's congressional career. The bill, by adroit parliamentary generalship which had prevented it from being weighed down with amendments not approved by the committee, had been brought under the operation of the previous question. It stood complete, ready to go forth for good or evil. Upon McKinley devolved the task of smoothing its path and speeding it upon its way.

The occasion, thoroughly advertised, attracted to the capitol an immense throng. The galleries were one mass of humanity, and the anticipation of the vote had compelled the attendance of every member. As usual, McKinley spoke without notes. His voice, penetrating but not harsh, filled the chamber. Every sentence was distinctly heard. Never was an orator more free from the ordinary

claptrap than McKinley. So true is this that the incident when he suddenly drew from beneath his desk the suit of clothes which he purchased for \$10 at the establishment of a fellow representative in Boston, in order to demonstrate the cheapness of wearing apparel, stands out with vivid distinctness.

It was this earnestness and self conviction that made McKinley's address in the house and on the stump so effective. Indeed the occasion is still recalled when he held an audience of Georgia people for two hours at a Chautauqua assembly near Atlanta while he preached to them the glories of the protective tariff system. "It was only by the greatest self control," said the late Henry W. Grady, speaking of this event afterward, "that I restrained myself from rising as McKinley concluded his wonderful speech and declaring myself henceforth ready to follow him as a disciple."

James G. Blaine in his "Twenty Years of Congress" reviewed the forty-fifth congress, in which McKinley first sat, as follows: "William McKinley, Jr., entered from the Canton district. He enlisted in an Ohio regiment when but 17 years old and won the rank of major by meritorious services. The interest of his constituency and his own bent of mind led him to the study of industrial questions, and he was soon recognized in the house as one of the most thorough statisticians and one of the ablest defenders of the doctrine of protection."

At a great mass meeting in Indianapolis several years ago the late ex-President Harrison was providing officers. McKinley was one of the speakers, and Harrison introduced him as follows: "He has endeavored himself to all his record as a gallant young soldier, battling for the flag. He has honored himself, his state and the country by his conspicuous services in high legislative and executive places. No man more than he is familiar with the questions that now engage public thought. No man is more able than he lucidly to set them before the people. I do not need to invoke your attention to what he shall say. He will command it."

The sentiment which resulted in the nomination of McKinley for governor of Ohio was engendered immediately upon the announcement of the result of the election of 1890, when after fourteen years' continuous service in congress the Ohio statesman was defeated for re-election.

During his gubernatorial campaign in 1893 McKinley visited eighty-six of the eighty-eight counties of Ohio and made 130 speeches. He was elected by a plurality of 80,995, up to that time the record in Ohio.

The policy which Governor McKinley pursued during his four years of occupancy of the gubernatorial chair was defeated for re-election.

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Carlsbad

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Carlsbad Sprudel Salt

is obtained by evaporation from the waters of the Springs of Carlsbad and contains the same curative properties that have made the place famous for five centuries.

Beware of imitations. The genuine imported Carlsbad Sprudel Salt must have the signature of FISHER & MENDELSON CO., New York. Sole Agents for U.S. on bottles.

As Governor and President.

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HERR MOST ARRESTED.

Is Accused of Making Seditious Utterances.

IN AN ARTICLE IN THE FREIHEIT.

Advocates Extermination of "Händler" by Poison and Dynamite.

When in Custody, He Denounces Czarism and His Crime.

New York, Sept. 13.—John Most, leader of the anarchists in this city, was arrested by Detective Sergeant Steinbruck and Krauch of the central office last evening. He is now locked up at police headquarters, charged with circulating incendiary literature.

Most was standing at the bar in the saloon at 69 Gold street at half past 6 o'clock when Detectives Henry Fennie and John Kraush tapped him on

the shoulder and informed him that he was under arrest. Most was taken by surprise and asked whether he might take another glass of beer as a bribe for the ordeal ahead of him. He denounced the newspapers and laid the blame for his arrest at their doors.

"They have denounced me as a blood thirsty monster," said Most, "and my arrest is the result of their agitation. The editorial in the Freiheit, only a copy of one that was published fifty years ago."

At police headquarters Most described himself as fifty-five years old, German, a journalist, and residence 37 Thirteenth street, Brooklyn.

Captain Tins experienced some difficulty in obtaining a copy of the Freiheit of Sept. 7, as Most suppressed the issue when he learned of the attack upon the president. Sergeant Mac Steinbruck made a translation from the leading editorial, which forms the basis of the charge against Most. Here is an extract from the editorial:

"The greatest of all follies in the world is the belief that there can be a crime of any sort against despots and their accomplices. Such a belief is in itself a crime. Despots are outlaws. They are in human shape what the tiger is among beasts—to spare them is a crime. As despots make use of every thing—treachery, poison, murder, etc.—so everything should be employed against them. Yes, the crime directed against them is not merely a right; it is also the duty of every one who has the opportunity to carry it out, and it will be his glory if it is successful. We say, 'Murder the murderers! Save humanity by blood and steel, poison and dynamite.'"

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A Formidable Weapon That Is Used on the Blue Whale.

To pursue the blue whale successfully a boat is required that can steam 12 knots an hour and which is furnished with a formidable weapon known as the harpoon gun.

The harpoon gun is a ponderous piece of apparatus placed on a raised platform on the prow of the whaler and consists of a short, stout cannon, mounted on a broad pedestal, on which it can rotate horizontally. The gun has also a vertical motion and can be turned quickly in whatever direction the prow of the ship dominates. On the top of the gun are "sights" for aiming, just as in a rifle. Behind the stock, which is grasped in the hand when firing the gun, and beneath it the trigger. The breech is a boxlike arrangement situated just where the stock is fastened to the gun proper. The gun is loaded in the ordinary way from the muzzle, and the harpoon is tightly rammed into it. To discharge the gun a small cartridge, with a wire attached, is first put into the breech. Pressure on the trigger causes a pull on the wire, which ignites the cartridge and discharges the gun simultaneously.

The harpoon is about six feet in length and very massive. It consists essentially of three parts—the anterior conical portion, the movable barbs and the shaft. The anterior conical piece is an explosive shell filled with gunpowder and screws on to the rest of the harpoon. The explosive shell is fired with a time fuse after the harpoon is imbedded in the whale.

Behind the explosive conical piece lie the four barbs, situated at right angles to each other. These barbs are always bound down tightly together with thin rope when the harpoon is going to be discharged. As the harpoon penetrates the flesh of the whale this rope gets brushed off the barbs and in doing so pulls a wire, which sets fire to the fuse and it explodes the shell in a few seconds. The shell gets blown to pieces and makes a terrific wound in the whale's interior, and the explosion causes the four barbs to stand out so that it becomes impossible for the harpoon to be withdrawn. The rest of the harpoon consists of a long shaft with a slot in it, in which a ring moves freely with the rope attached.

If the whale is at all well hit, the harpoon gets imbedded about five feet, and unless the rope breaks the animal cannot escape. The rope, which is a very stout one, passes from the harpoon on to a round tray in front of the gun, where a coil of 50 feet or so lies. It then passes backward over a pulley on to the drum of a double steam which supplied with an immense power.

Taken all in all the harpoon gun is about the most exquisitely cruel instrument of destruction devised by the ingenuity of man! But it is only when one sees and knows the prodigious brute it is meant to destroy that one realizes that it is nevertheless none too effective. The gun is never discharged at a greater distance than 50 feet and seldom, indeed, at more than 30 feet from the whale. To be able to act so near requires not only very fine seamanship, but a very intimate knowledge of the habits of the animal.—Pearson's Magazine.

CULINARY CAPERS.

Rice has a finer flavor if washed in hot water instead of cold before cooking.

A little sugar added to the sauce, soup or vegetable in which too much salt has been used will remedy the evil.

Spanish sweet peppers and onions added to beef and potato hash give variety to the dish. Serve on slices of toast with a poached egg on top of each.

An excellent salad may be made with the foundation of string beans. Cut them in short lengths, sprinkle them with chopped chives, season with salt and pepper and cover with French dressing.

A plain rice pudding, the variety that is made with rice and milk and without eggs, is much improved if a cupful of almond meats, blanched and chopped very fine, is put in to be cooked with the pudding.

Onion juice improves the flavor of scrambled eggs, if onion is liked at all. While a tablespoonful of butter is melting in the chafing dish add a teaspoonful of onion juice or grated onion. This quantity is sufficient for six eggs.

In cooking new peas try for variety, seasoning a small onion and one or two stalks of mint in the water in which they are boiled. Take both out, of course, before serving. It will be found an unrecognizable but delicious flavor has been added to the vegetable.

Does She Lose Speed by Running?

"Did you ever," asked an observant and somewhat cynical citizen, "take note of a woman running? I thought not. Well, I have, and I can tell you for a fact that a woman never runs quite as fast as she could walk. Sometimes, when women are hurrying to catch a car or something of the sort, they think they will get over the ground faster if they run; but, so far from accelerating their progress, it rather retards it. All the same, they seem to think they are going a great deal faster than they could walk, and perhaps that answers the purpose just as well. Sometimes I think they know better, but feel that they must make a bluff at speed. At any rate, when you have a good opportunity to estimate a running woman's speed just do it, and you will be convinced that I am not telling fairy stories."—Utica Observer.

What It Means to Be "Educated."

Any man is educated who is so developed and trained that, drop him where you will in the world, he is able to master his circumstances and deal with the facts of life so as to build up in himself a noble manhood and be of service to those that are about him. That is what education means; that is what it is for. Knowledge of foreign tongues, a list of historic facts concerning the past, information poured into a man's brain—these things are not education. There are learned fools!—Rev. Minot Savage.

Where Bullets Fly.

The late General Vauchoise used to tell a story of two Gordon Highlanders, one of whom was going into battle for the first time. The crack of rifles was heard in front, and the bullets began to fly. The recruit, feeling that his hour had come, shouted to his mate in the first line:

"Dinna bob, Geordie! I'm ahint ye!"—London Answers.

Art.

"Is it true that Choddesley has good taste in art?"

"Well, if you call choosing a few fruit pictures for his dining room good taste he has it."—Detroit Journal.

FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

Young Phone Operator.

Virginia Pixley, 18 months old, daughter of William A. Pixley, knows how to use a telephone. She is believed to be the youngest long distance conversationalist in the world.

Virginia first had a dawning conception of the telephone four months ago when she discovered that by talking into the receiver she could negotiate with her father for candy while he was down town at his office. Mr. Pixley is one of the officials of the local telephone company.

The girls in the central office soon came to know who was wanted when a baby voice called over the phone, "I want my papa."

The most exacting duty of Virginia's nurse is to keep her away from the table which holds the telephone transmitter. She is able to recognize the voices of all the members of the family and to distinguish between them.

There seems to be something of heredity in the child's fondness for the



VIRGINIA AT THE PHONE.

instrument. She has mastered all the details of "calling up" and "ringing off" and is able to repeat the numbers of several telephones in the offices of friends of the family. From the time she was a few months old she watched her father with great interest whenever he used the phone. As soon as she learned to lisp a few words she seemed to know intuitively that if she spoke them into the transmitter there would be somebody at the other end who would hear and answer her.

The Bee and the Violet.

The following pretty fable is signed with a nom de plume, but the Junior likes to give credit where it is due. The author is Penelope Clarke:

One day a honey bee went buzzing by a little violet.

"Good morning, pretty violet. How are you?" buzzed the bee.

"Good morning to you," said the violet, blushing as bright as could be.

"What good are you to the world?" said the bee. "You do nothing but lie in the grass."

The violet said nothing, but listened quietly to the bee's complaint.

"Look how smart I am," said the bee. "I supply people with honey, but you do nothing at all. Learn at once to be of some use to the world."

"I am of use," said the violet.

"Take my advice," snipped the bee, "but I can't waste my time talking to you." And away he flew.

Just then a girl and boy came into the garden and seeing the pretty violet stopped to pick them.

"Won't mamma be pleased?" said the girl.

"Yes," said the boy. "I would hate to be sick so long."

"This is the prettiest of them all," he said, stooping to pick up the violet who had spoken to the bee.

"It smells the sweetest of them all," said the girl.

"Yes, this is what I will do," thought the violet, filling the air with perfume.

The boy and girl went into the house and gave the violets to their mamma.

The bee, unconscious of this, went about his work.

A Glass of Water Under a Hat.

Place a glass of water upon the table, put a hat over it and offer to lay a wager with any of the company that you will empty the glass without lifting the hat. When your proposition is accepted, desire the company not to touch the hat, and then get under the table and commence making a noise, smacking your lips at intervals, as though you were swallowing the water with infinite satisfaction to yourself. After a minute or two come from under the table and address the person who took your wager with, "Now, sir, I'll tell you how I did it. I was thirsty, and I drank the water without raising the hat."

A Daisy Luncheon.

This, given under the trees, is particularly pleasing. Have as many round tables as are needed to accommodate the guests, not too large in size to detract from the dainty scheme of the occasion. Cover these with large pieces of white cloth in daisy shape, the petals reaching the edge of the table, the center being cut out so that the space will allow placing there a heaped-up bowl of daisies.

The menu, so long as it is of the sort to please the feminine palate, is of little consequence, as anything is sure to taste delicious when served amid such environments. To follow out the idea of the daisy as the decorative principle china painted with daisies should be used. The tea may be served in the shape of daisies, pistache forming the leaves and vanilla or some water iced the petals, with frozen custard of genuine hue fashioning the center.

Women Doctors.

The government of Bosnia has passed a law appointing women doctors to attend women in the principal towns. They are established and endowed by law. The lady doctor is to bear the official title of wundarzin, to be paid a yearly income of 1,000 gulden from state resources and to be provided with a free dwelling or with a further sum of 200 to 300 gulden for lodgings. In places where the population exceeds a certain number an additional grant is to be made from local funds. Every candidate for one of these posts must be provided with a doctor's diploma or a certificate that she has passed the examination of medical board appointed by the state.

A WALKING DELEGATE.

She Is Said to Be the Only Woman in Such a Position.

Miss Ellen Lindstrom, the only woman walking delegate in the world, is the leading spirit in the new Domestic Servants' union. She promises to rival in importance all the high dignitaries of the men's labor unions. Miss Lindstrom by a word will be able to make Chicago, or a big part of it, do without



MISS ELLEN LINDSTROM.

its meals or else do the cooking for itself. She represents the Scandinavian element in the new domestic union, but she has no preference for her countrywomen in the matter of leadership. Irish, English, German and Scandinavian, all will have an equal chance of coming to the front as leaders of the women if Miss Lindstrom is to have her way. She is an unusually intelligent woman, who knows the rights of her fellow laborers and whose flashing eye is an indication that she can fight to the last ditch and inspire others to fight with her.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Progressive Cards.

Special attention is now paid by all progressive establishments to cards for bridesmaids' luncheons and wedding breakfasts. It is possible to secure designs of Cupids aiming the deadly shafts, or hearts pierced by the latter, or sprays of orange blossoms, or maidens daintily enveloped in folds of bridal flounce.

Silhouette cards can only be secured by sending your stationer the photographs of your expected guests. Although this is something of an undertaking, it is nevertheless often done. The result is a card for each guest having his own portrait carried out in the form of a silhouette.

Medallion designs, showing gallant men and lovely women costumed in eighteenth century fashion and surrounded by heavy gilt frames form another popular suggestion, says the Pittsburg Post.

Although the French themselves use but few novelties in their cards, French designs carried out by American brushmen command a ready sale. Pierrots and pierrettes, picturesque French bonnets, white capped Norman peasants and flower sellers of Paris form an enchanting series.

For and About Women.

On her special traveling car Mme. Patti has a silver bath opened by a golden key.

The queen of Greece is the only woman in the world who holds the rank of honorary admiral. She received that dignity from the late Czar Alexander III.

The jewels which the Duchess of Cornwall has taken with her to Australia are insured against all risks for \$75,000. Those of the duke are insured for \$2,000.

An organ will be erected in Massey hall, Toronto, as a memorial to Queen Victoria. The instrument and tablets are to cost more than \$30,000.

Adelaide Ristori, the actress, widow of the Marquis de Grillo, is engaged to be married to Senator Cassana, mayor of Turin. Mme. Ristori is 81 years of age.

The empress dowager of Germany possesses a unique tea service. The tea tray has been beaten out of an old Prussian half penny. The teapot is made out of a German farthing, and the tiny cups are made from colus of different German principalities.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Art.

"Let's wait in the corner, Nelly. And there at young Ted's hat hat; it is only a bit of fun, you know. And there is no harm in that."

"Well, Tam, I should like to do it, but we must not hurt poor Ted. Yet he looks so grand and stately. I should like to throw at his head."

"We ought to laugh all together; we wouldn't hurt any one."

"He can throw at us back again, you know. And snowballs are such fun."

"Well, here goes, Nelly! Oh, Teddy! Look out for your new silk hat. Here's one, two, three; make ready for me to knock it flat."

But Teddy burst out in laughter: "I knew you had me in view. I was getting ready for this game; here's one, two, three, for you!"

Who Takes the Cake?

In an old number of What to Eat is found a suggestion which will lessen the cure of hostesses.

"Who takes the cake?" is a most merry-making scheme to assist in making delightfully entertaining a luncheon. The hostess provides upon slips of paper what may be termed cake conundrums. These are neatly written and wound upon coarse steel knitting needles into little rolls and tied with baby ribbon to match the color scheme of the table.

These are brought in and passed to the guests, each taking one, just after serving the after dinner coffee. The hostess announces that each is to guess the name of the cake suggested on her slip, adding, the one who gives the most correct answers wins the prize of a delicious cake, which should be exhibited. The hostess has a list of the answers, and when one misses the "hit" she reads it, to the merriment of the crowd. For instance, one slip reads: Name the president's cake. The answer is (election). The parentheses must not appear on the slips. A list recently used, and very wittily selected, is given for suggestion:

- Name the geologist's cake. (Mountain.)
- Name the advertiser's cake. (Puff.)
- Name the farmer's cake. (Corn.)
- Name the tailor's cake. (Measure.)
- Name the milliner's cake. (Ribbon.)
- Name the devout cake. (Angel food.)
- Name the jeweler's cake. (Gold.)
- Name the lover's cake. (Kisses.)
- Name the author's cake. (Short cake.)
- Name the pugilist's cake. (Pound.)
- Name the office seeker's cake. (Washington.)
- Name the idler's cake. (Loaf.)

Girl Tobaccoists.

"Goodwin Sisters, Dealers in Cigars and Tobacco," is the sign which hangs over a flourishing cigar store in Boston. The proprietors of the business are two extremely pretty and bright young women who chose to make their living by going into business rather than by putting on spectacles, cutting their hair short and getting up as schoolma'ams in the regulation way. The sisters have been successful, and their success has brought with it some degree of embarrassment.

A few weeks ago a brief account of their unique enterprise was printed in a Boston paper, and since that time they have been almost overwhelmed with offers of marriage. These offers come from all sorts of men and from all parts of the country. Miss Hattie, the youngest sister, has already filed away 36 offers, and every mail adds to the list. One of the most persistent of her suitors is a Maine farmer who has 2,000 bushels of potatoes and a cow to lay at her feet. Meanwhile the young woman serves notice that she does not intend to get married until she is 50 years old, a statement which puts the date off a matter of more than 25 years.—Providence Journal.

Consumers' League.

The Consumers' (or Shoppers') league is showing fresh signs of growth. Funds are coming in from the Pennsylvania branches for the support of the national league, and steps are being taken to arrange for an exhibition at the Pan-American of all kinds of useful underwear bearing the consumers' label, which guarantees that the sewing is done under healthful conditions. One of the chief objects of the society is to show the danger of wearing sweatshop and tenement home made clothing. Testimony is accumulating on this point from physicians, nurses, inspectors and others. The head of the nurses' settlement of New York said before the commission of investigation: "Tuberculosis seems to be the disease most dreaded. We see so much of it that we call it 'tailor's disease.' And we have frequently found people working on garments in a room where there was scarlet fever."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Artemus Ward on "Woman's Sphere."

In one of the multitudinous discussions going on nowadays as to the limits of "woman's sphere" Mr. Artemus Ward's description of a woman addressing her fellow passengers in a railroad train on the subject has been revived by an exchange. He speaks of her, to quote one of his own expressions, "dimly." "She said every woman should have a Spear. She went on: 'What is my Spear? Is it to stay at home & darn stockin' & be the sor-lave of a domineerin' man, or is it my Spear to vote & speak & show myself the equal of a man? Is there a sister in these keers that has her proper Spear?' saying which the eccentric female whirled her umbrella around several times & finally jabbed me in the veskit with it. 'Have no objections to your going into the Spear business,' sez I, 'but you'll please remember I ain't a pickerel. Don't Spear me again, if you please.'"

To Clean Hats.

Fine straw or Panama hats which are very much soiled can easily be made presentable by scrubbing quickly with a saturated solution of oxalic acid. Use a small brush and dry quickly to prevent warping. Keep the solution out of hair's way, and remember it is no more innocent if called "salts of lemon." Mark the bottle "Poison" in red ink.

Pastidious Gilding Maids.

Some women are particular about the color of their golf club bags, and they can be varied to quite an extent, says the New York Times. There are the all leather bags and the leather and canvas bags, and if a woman wears a golf suit of the old fashioned brown holland, which is a new fashion for this year, she can have a bag to match it almost exactly.

PLACING TEACHERS.

MODERN PLAN OF BRINGING TUTOR AND SCHOOL INTO TOUCH.

The Business of Supplying Instructors For Institutions of Learning Is Now Largely in the Hands of Special Agencies.

We have advanced a long way beyond the day when ambitious young Nicholas Nickleby found his only opportunity of becoming a teacher in Wackford Squeers' famous advertisement, "N. B.—Assistant master wanted; \$5 annual salary." The fitting of schools with teachers and teachers with schools is now a distinct business, one of the myriads of later day industries which flourish in the metropolises.

In the city are several agencies which do large and remunerative business in furnishing institutions of learning with teachers. These agencies are in constant touch with colleges and normal schools on one hand and with the schools of the country on the other. The agency deals in teachers almost as a merchant does in dry goods. The agency studies its customers and knows the availability of the material it places on the market.

Providing a school with a teacher has come to be almost entirely a business transaction. The normal school or college is the factory which can be relied upon to turn out a certain number of teachers annually. The agency is the market place, and the agent is the salesman who disposes of the college product to the consumers, the ever increasing schools of the country.

One of the largest of the city agencies is on the second floor of a quiet old building not far from Union square. In the main office, which is carpeted and hand-some, are seated eight clerks, who are at work answering letters and applications from both prospective teachers and from schools. In an inner office the aspirant for the office of pedagogue is put through a series of questions to test his or her ability. On the result of this interview depends the classification in which his services are placed upon the market.

An idea of the modus operandi of the teachers' supply business as it is conducted was given to the writer a few days ago by the manager of this agency. It is usually in junior year at college that a young man decides upon his profession. If it be teaching, he opens a correspondence with the agency, of whose existence he is first informed by the college authorities. The young man brings him a blank, which he fills out with answers to many questions. He has to tell all about himself, from his religion to his ability in athletics. He also furnishes references which the agency carefully investigates. If they are satisfactory, the young man is invited to visit the agency during his next vacation. On that occasion the questions put to him are verbal ones. His manners, his bearing, his conversation, are all carefully noted and recorded. He is then informed as to what sort of a teacher's position he is eligible for, and his name is in the market.

So much for the history of the applicant's side of the transaction, but all the time that his eligibility is being considered orders are coming in for teachers. Boards of education in various cities want teachers for public schools, city private schools need instructors. Rich men write for tutors for their sons, and there is a demand for governesses and kindergarten.

All the delicate questions of the adaptability of the applicant for the place must be decided by the agent. He brings to his task the result of years of experience, and on its successful performance depends the receipt of future orders for teachers. From both school and applicant the agent receives a commission as his profit on the transaction.

"I am not a teacher myself," said the manager of the agency spoken of, "and never have been one. In fact, I could never quite understand why any clever young person wants to be a teacher."

"I suppose it is because teaching is an intellectual pursuit, and the number of vocations of that kind is not on the increase nowadays. It is certainly a fact that the list of men and women who aspires to be teachers grows longer every year. And much more is required of a teacher now than formerly."

"There was a time when the scholarly attainments and good moral character of an applicant were the only things considered, but that time is past. A teacher to succeed nowadays must have good manners and address. He must have savoir faire and be able to set an example to his pupils in culture and refinement."

"The ordinary pay of a teacher at the beginning is \$800 per year. By an exhibit of special excellence in his department he can rise in the profession to be a principal or even a college professor. Although the work of the primary school teacher is infinitely more exacting he is not paid nearly so well as one who labors in high or even intermediate grades."

"For reasons which are incomprehensible to me women teachers are never paid as much as men for the same work. It is not at all unusual for us to receive a letter from some school requesting a teacher for some particular department. It makes no difference to us, the letter will say, 'whether you send us a man or woman, but if a man the salary will be a third more than to a woman.'"

"Because a teacher fails to make a success in his first charge it does not at all follow that he is unfitted for the profession. In fact, I frequently send teachers to beginners' positions in the belief that the experience they will receive there will only fit them for the more serious work which will come later on."

"The one besetting sin of young inexperienced teachers is conceit. They think they know it all. To attempt to reason with them or to offer suggestions is worse than useless. The only thing to do is to place them under a year's contract as masters of a lot of boys, in some distant school, whose chief ambition is to make the teacher's life miserable. If they do not lose their conceit during that year's mauling and annoyance, we decide that they are impossible, but they usually do, and when they apply to us for a second engagement they are usually exceptionally competent."—New York Mail and Express.

The Chief Difference.

"The superstition which prevailed in the middle ages is hard to understand in this enlightened era," remarked the optimist.

"Yes," replied the man who prides himself on being a chilly proposition, "it does seem surprising that the palmists and astrologers and other fortune tellers of those days shouldn't have been wise enough to advertise their business as they do now."—Washington Star.

Self Destruction Shows a Perverted Idea of the Object of Life.

The question, "Has a man the right to take his own life?" is ignorantly framed. In this matter there can be no question of right. We can only ask if it is wise (and therefore moral, for wisdom and morality are identical) to kill oneself. No, it is foolish, as foolish as it would be to cut the stalk of a plant that one wishes to destroy. The plant does not perish, but its growth becomes distorted.

Life is indestructible. It is independent of time and space, and therefore death can only alter the form of life and destroy its manifestations in this world. But if I put an end to my life in this world in the first place I do not know whether life in the next will be more agreeable and in the second place I deprive myself of the possibility of winning for myself all that may be attainable in this world.

Besides, and this is the main point, it is foolish for me to kill myself because by putting an end to my earthly life I make because it seems unpleasant I show that I have a perverted idea of the object of life.

I assume its object to be enjoyment, while its real purposes should be the perfecting of my individuality (ego) and the service of humanity in general. Suicide is therefore immoral. Our life is given to us to be used until its natural end in the service of others. But the suicide enjoys life only so long as it seems pleasant to him, whereas in all probability its usefulness is just beginning when it becomes unpleasant. Every task is disagreeable at first.

For more than 30 years a man lay in a Russian cloister paralyzed and able to move only his left hand. The physicians said that his suffering must have been intense, but he made no complaint and, crossing himself and fixing his eyes on the sacred images, constantly gave thanks to God for the free spark of life that was left to him. He was visited by many thousands of people, and it is impossible to estimate the good that went out to the world from this man, who was almost deprived of the power of motion. Certainly he accomplished more good than thousands of whole and sound men who fancied that they were benefiting mankind in every possible way.

So long as life remains in a man he can perfect himself and serve humanity. But he can serve humanity only by perfecting himself, and he can perfect himself only by serving humanity.—Count Leo Tolstoi.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

A tablespoonful of flour added to the starch keeps curtains stiff much longer.

Rusty French or black bars may be freshened by dipping them into weak tea and then pressing them on a flat surface between newspapers.

The smoke of a common wood fire has been recommended as an economical and efficacious disinfectant for sickrooms or other contaminated places.

Pieces of unlacqued lime in earthen bowls placed in different rooms will, it is said, improve the atmosphere on a humid day. The lime will absorb the water from the air.

The dust cloth for any room should be lightly sprinkled before using and should be washed and dried after every dusting operation. Dirty dust cloths do more harm than good in cleaning a room.

For covering up cracks and mending celluloid articles a mixture of three parts alcohol and four parts ether has been recommended. The fractures are coated with this, pressed together and then allowed to dry for 24 hours.

The lacquered brass knobs and trimmings used on furniture are best cleaned with a soft cloth wet in alcohol. All unlacquered brasses should be first washed in warm soapsuds and then rubbed with salt and vinegar applied with a flannel cloth.

Five Stages of the Sword.

It may be said that the evolution of the sword has passed through five distinct stages. First came the epoch of pure carnage, when men seemed to hew and hack each other for the mere pleasure it gave them; next the era of legend, when stupendous and impossible feats of arms were said to have been accomplished. This followed the feudal time, a curious mixture of bloodshed and religion, when the piety of the crusaders was proved by their ability to slash the equally bloodthirsty Saracens.

Succeeding this period sprang the noble season of skillful fence, as the sword, no longer a weapon of pure attack, became a mixed arm of offense and defense combined. Finally we see its fall, being today a mere military accoutrement, after attaining a glory that no one dreamed of during the days of its first rude and barbarous use.

A Discussion in Genealogy.

They were at dinner at their country home at Southampton. A poor cousin was the only guest. The mother, who is an aristocrat of the aristocrats, was expatiating for the benefit of the cousin on the excellence of her genealogy. She told how this branch traced to Lord of England, this to the kings of Scotland, that to the old pre-revolution families of France and the other to a family of Irish kings of 900 years ago.

Suddenly a precocious 6-year-old daughter, who took great interest in her father's kennel of dogs, spoke up:

"Mamma, why are you proud of that? If you mix up a lot of dogs, papa says they make curs. Ain't people the same?"

The father laughed, the cousin concealed his mirth, the mother flushed, and the genealogical discussion ended.—New York Times.

Importance of the Novel.

Every one loves a story, and scholars are no exception to the fact. What a force the modern novel is. It is the dominant literary form of today, as is proved by our public libraries and by publishers' sales. The novel is an all covering tyrant that has choked the life out of the older literary forms. Some think it is the decadence of literature, but that is not my position. The modern novel is a great and potent power for good or evil, and it remains with us to make the good abiding and to exclude the evil.—Professors Burton.

The Light of Journalism.

Newspapers, like individuals, vary greatly in character. Some are as good as the public will let them be, and others are doing their worst to make the public as bad as they can cause it to be. But journalism, as a whole, is a power that makes for righteousness; it is an advancing power, and the darkness that would come over the world without it is almost beyond conception.—Boston Herald.

BLOCKADED.

Some in Every Household in Portsmouth, Mouth, but They Are Growing Less.

The back aches because the kidneys are blocked.

Help the kidneys with their work. The back will ache no more.

Lots of proof that Doan's Kidney Pills do this.

It's the best proof, for it comes from Portsmouth.

Mrs. Ira F. Randall, of 73 Pleasant street,

M'KINLEY

His Career From Its Humble Beginning In a Small Town to the Presidency of the United States.

Long and honorable was the public career of William McKinley. It extended from the time when, as a mere stripling, he held sway in a log cabin country school to the tragic moment when, as chief executive of the nation, he was felled by the assassin's bullet. During all that time his record suffered neither blot nor blemish. He was tested as a soldier, as a lawyer, as a politician, as a statesman, as the head of the nation. In each case he stood the test.

In private life he began by being a manly boy, a dutiful and obedient son. He continued as a faithful and loving husband, one whose example has had its good effect on the national character. His life was typically American, the life of an American of the best type. And through it all he was a patriot. Above personal ambition were ever in his mind his country and his country's good.

William McKinley came from that dominant race that has furnished this nation with some of its greatest soldiers and statesmen. He was Scotch-Irish by descent, and his ancestors immigrated to this country early enough to have sons who took a patriotic part in the war of the Revolution.

The family removed from Pennsylvania to Ohio in 1814, and from that day has been identified with that state not in a great public way, but simply as faithful and devoted citizens, not striving for particular prominence, but notable for sturdiness of character and integrity.

It was among such people and of them that William McKinley was born at Niles, in Trumbull county, O., Feb. 23, 1844.

A younger son, he was destined by his father, after whom he was named, for the bar. He was educated at the public schools, and later entered Alle-

gheny college at Meadville, Pa., teaching school to pay his tuition fees. Scarcely was he matriculated when the civil war came on. He was but a stripling of nineteen when he entered as a private.

McKinley, as those who remember him as a boy in Poland, O., declare, was a real boy, full of fun, loving athletic sports, fond of horses and hunting and fishing and all outdoor exercise, and yet at 10 we find him taking upon himself a serious view of life. The church records show that in 1858, when he was hardly 16, he united with the Methodist Episcopal church of Poland.

McKinley's father was an iron manufacturer and a pioneer in that business. William was his third son, the eldest being David, the second James and the youngest Abner.

McKinley's mother was alert and vigorous, mentally and physically, up to the time of her death, which occurred when she was nearly ninety years of age.

Major McKinley's home life was very happy despite the fact that his wife was an invalid. Mrs. McKinley was Miss Ida Saxton, daughter of James and Mary Saxton of Canton, O. She received an excellent education, spent some time in her father's assistant, and it was said that her father had bought her a carriage.

When the drums and fife aroused the echoes of the quiet streets of Poland among the first applicants for enlistment was William McKinley, Jr.

It was a new experience and a new school that the eighteen-year-old boy entered, that school of war, but he had wonderful teachers. It was his good fortune that assigned him to the Twenty-third Ohio. The recruits that composed it were in June, 1861, mustered and formed into a regiment. Its first colonel was William S. Rosecrans, afterward major general commanding the department of the Cumberland. Second in command was Stanley Matthews, who was a splendid soldier, but won his greatest honors in civil life by

becoming United States senator and justice of the United States supreme court, and Ruford B. Hayes, afterward governor of Ohio and president of the United States. These are a few of the illustrious men who were borne on the roll of officers of the gallant regiment in which marched Private William McKinley, Jr.

He carried the musket for fourteen months; then he was promoted. But he won his promotion honestly. His comrades of the rank and file bear testimony to the fact that he was a good soldier; that he performed every duty devolving upon him with ability and intelligence and without complaint. They congratulated him, therefore, when he was made commissary sergeant of the regiment. Later, after Antietam, he was made a second lieutenant, and the Mahoning county boy had risen from the ranks.

He was now to all intents and purposes a trained veteran. He had had his baptism in blood at Carnifex Ferry. He had gone through the West Virginia campaign and become a part of the magnificent Army of the Potomac under McClellan. South Mountain and Antietam had been made immortal by the blood of heroes, and the shoulder straps were worn with a due but not exaggerated realization of the responsibilities they implied. He became a second lieutenant on Sept. 24, 1862. He was promoted to first lieutenant Feb. 7, 1863. His commission as captain bears date July 25, 1864.

The brevet rank of major was conferred by President Lincoln "for gallant and meritorious services at the battles of Opequan, Fisher's Creek and Cedar Hill." He was with Sheridan in the Shenandoah campaign, was at Winchester, Cedar Creek, Fisher's Hill, Opequan, Kernstown, Floyd Mountain and Berryville, where his horse was shot under him, and in all the battles in which the Twenty-third participated. He served on the staffs of Generals Hayes, Crook, Hancock and Carroll. He was mustered out with the regiment July 26, 1865, after more than four years' continuous service.

When the war closed, McKinley was just twenty-two. He was full of youthful enthusiasm and ardor, and he returned to his home in Ohio fully expecting to accept the flattering offer made him of a commission in the regular army. But to this his parents offered strong opposition. They pointed out the small rewards that come to the soldier in time of peace. At length he yielded to their persuasions and reluctantly gave up his dreams of martial glory and bent his mind upon the pursuits of peace. The war had ended all thought of a collegiate career. He cast about for a profession, and naturally, considering the bent of his mind, he chose the law. He became a student in the offices of Charles E. Gilden and David Wilson, then leaders of the Mahoning county bar. He supplemented his reading by taking the course at the Albany Law school and in 1867 was admitted to the bar. He located at Canton, where he formed a partnership with Judge Belden.

He was an excellent advocate, even in those early days, and made some of the best jury arguments ever heard at the Stark county bar. At the time he was first elected to congress he enjoyed one of the best general practices in the county. As a lawyer Mr. McKinley was always thorough and careful in the preparation of cases. He had the confidence of everybody and soon became particularly prominent as an advocate. He prepared himself by thorough courses of reading for his public career. He resembled Garfield much in this respect and possessed elements of strength by reason of his thorough study of political subjects. He seems to have had in view from the beginning the devotion of his life to public service. During all his early professional years he was an active participant in Republican campaigns and early gave evidence of the power he later developed as a public speaker and orator. The plan of his political speaking was always the same. He first thoroughly mastered the subject in hand and then presented it forcibly.

Major McKinley was but thirty-three years old when he was elected by the people of his district to represent them in congress. There he made his mark and was returned at each subsequent election until that of 1890. In which year a change in the boundaries of his district defeated him by a majority of only 302.

While in congress he served on the committee on revision of laws, the judiciary committee, the committee on expenditures in the postoffice department and the committee on rules. When General Garfield received the nomination for the presidency, Mr. McKinley was assigned to the vacancy on the

committee on ways and means. He served on the last mentioned committee until the expiration of his last term as representative. While chairman of this committee he framed the McKinley bill, which afterward became a law.

McKinley was a protégé of ex-President Hayes, and up to the time of the latter's death he recognized the ex-president as his adviser and counselor. He was in General Hayes' regiment during the civil war. General Hayes knew him and his father well, and saw in the dashing young cavalier the germ of greatness. He needed a counselor, an adviser, a friend, and General Hayes watched over him with the filial love, devotion and pride of a father.

The war ended, McKinley still remained an object of hope, of interest and pride to General Hayes. McKinley became a candidate for congress and was elected. When Hayes was president, McKinley was in the house of representatives. The major was a frequent welcome visitor at the White House. One day the president gave McKinley advice, which made McKinley the foremost champion of a protective tariff. President Hayes thus spoke to the young representative:

"To achieve success and fame you must pursue a special line. You must not make a speech on every motion offered or bill introduced. You must confine yourself to one particular thing. Become a specialist. Take up some branch of legislation and make that your study. Why not take up the subject of tariff? Being a subject that will not be settled for years to come, it offers a great field for study and a chance for ultimate fame."

With these words ringing in his ears McKinley began studying the tariff and soon became the foremost authority on the subject. The day upon which the "McKinley tariff bill" was passed in the house must always stand as the supreme moment of McKinley's congressional career. The bill, by adroit parliamentary generalship which had prevented it from being weighed down by amendments not approved by the committee, had been brought under the operation of the previous question. It stood complete, ready to go forth for good or evil. Upon McKinley devolved the task of smoothing its path and speeding it upon its way.

The occasion, thoroughly advertised, attracted to the capital an immense throng. The galleries were one mass of humanity, and the anticipation of the vote had compelled the attendance of every member. As usual, McKinley spoke without notes. His voice, penetrating but not harsh, filled the chamber. Every sentence was distinctly heard. Never was an orator more free from the ordinary

himself, his state and the country or his conspicuous services in high legislative and executive places. No man more than he is familiar with the questions that now engage public thought. No man is more able than he lucidly to set them before the people. I do not need to invoke your attention to what he shall say. He will command it."

The sentiment which resulted in the nomination of McKinley for governor of Ohio was engendered immediately upon the announcement of the result of the election of 1890, when after fourteen years' continuous service in congress the Ohio statesman was defeated for re-election.

During his gubernatorial campaign in 1893 McKinley visited eighty-six of the eighty-eight counties of Ohio and made 130 speeches. He was elected by a plurality of 80,995, up to that time the record in Ohio. The policy which Governor McKinley pursued during his four years of occupancy of the gubernatorial chair

was outlined when in his inaugural address he said: "It is my desire to co-operate with you in every endeavor to secure a wise, economical and honorable administration, and so far as can be done, the improvement and elevation of the public service."

From the day of his inauguration Governor McKinley took the greatest interest in the management of the public benevolent institutions of the state, and he made a study of means for their betterment. During his first term the state board of arbitration was created, and he made the workings of the board a matter of personal supervision during the entire four years of his administration.

No account of McKinley's connection with labor problems would be complete without some mention of the tireless energy which he displayed in securing relief for the 2,000 miners in the Hocking valley mining district who early in 1895 were reported out of work and destitute. The news first came to the governor one night at midnight, but before 5 o'clock in the morning he had upon his own responsibility dispatched to the afflicted district a car containing \$1,000 worth of provisions. Later he made appeals for assistance and finally distributed among the 2,732 families in the district clothing and provisions to the amount of \$32,706.95.

McKinley's nomination and election to the presidency in 1896, the stirring events of 1897, culminating in 1898 in the war with Spain, and the acquisition for the first time in this country's history of foreign territory by conquest as well as his re-election, with Theodore Roosevelt as his running mate, in 1900 are events of too recent occurrence to require more than passing mention. With the circumstances surrounding his death, resulting from the bullet of an assassin, fired while Mr. McKinley was receiving at the Pan-American exposition, and his gallant but unsuccessful fight for life the public is too painfully familiar.

Rumors of Massacre of Armenians. Constantinople, Sept. 13.—Persistent rumors are in circulation here of a massacre of Armenians at Mush. The report is officially denied, but the governor of Bitlis and eight battalions of troops have been ordered thither.

News From Explorer Baldwin. Christchurch, Sept. 13.—A message, dated Aug. 5 and received by way of Haunover from Dr. B. Baldwin, head of the Baldwin-Ziegler north pole expedition, says: "America, latitude 78, longitude 38, seeking passage northward through ice. All well."

As a Son.

As a Soldier.

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THE HARPOON GUN.
A Formidable Weapon That Is Used on the Blue Whale.
To pursue the blue whale successfully a boat is required that can steam 12 knots an hour and which is furnished with a formidable weapon known as the harpoon gun.

The harpoon gun is a ponderous piece of apparatus placed on a raised platform on the prow of the whaler and consists of a short, stout cannon, mounted on a broad pedestal, on which it can rotate horizontally. The gun has also a vertical motion, and can be turned quickly in whatever direction the prow of the ship dominates. On the top of the gun are "sights" for aiming, just as in a rifle. Behind is the stock, which is grasped in the hand when firing the gun, and beneath it the trigger. The breech is a boxlike arrangement situated just where the stock is fastened to the gun proper. The gun is loaded in the ordinary way from the muzzle, and the harpoon is tightly rammed into it. To discharge the gun a small cartridge, with a wire attached, is first put into the breech. Pressure on the trigger causes a pull on the wire, which ignites the cartridge and discharges the gun simultaneously.

The harpoon is about six feet in length and very massive. It consists essentially of three parts—the anterior conical point, the movable barbs and the shaft. The anterior conical piece is an explosive shell filled with gunpowder and screws on to the rest of the harpoon. The explosive shell is fired with a time fuse after the harpoon is imbedded in the whale.

Behind the explosive conical piece lie the four barbs, situated at right angles to each other. These barbs are always bound down tightly together with thin rope when the harpoon is going to be discharged. As the harpoon penetrates the flesh of the whale this rope gets brushed off the barbs and in doing so pulls a wire, which sets fire to the fuse and it explodes the shell in a few seconds. The shell gets blown to pieces and makes a terrific wound in the whale's interior, and the explosion causes the four barbs to stand out so that it becomes impossible for the harpoon to be withdrawn. The rest of the harpoon consists of a long shaft with a slot in it, in which a ring moves freely with the rope attached.

If the whale is at all well hit, the harpoon gets imbedded about five feet, and unless the rope breaks the animal cannot escape. The rope, which is a very stout one, passes from the harpoon on to a round tray in front of the gun, where a coil of 30 feet or less. It then passes backward over a pulley on to the drum of a double steam winch supplied with an immensely powerful brake.

Taken all in all the harpoon gun is about the most exquisitely cruel instrument of destruction devised by the ingenuity of man! But it is only when one sees and knows the prodigious brute it is meant to destroy that one realizes that it is nevertheless none too effective. The gun is never discharged at a greater distance than 50 feet and seldom, indeed, at more than 30 from the whale. To be able to get so near requires not only fine seamanship, but a very intimate knowledge of the habits of the animal.—Pearson's Magazine.

CULINARY CAPERS.

Rice has a finer flavor if washed in hot water instead of cold before cooking. A little sugar added to the sauce, soup or vegetable in which too much salt has been used will remedy the evil.

Spanish sweet peppers and onions added to beef and potato hash give variety to the dish. Serve on slices of toast with a poached egg on top of each.

An excellent salad may be made with a pound of string beans. Cut them in short lengths, sprinkle them with chopped chives, season with salt and pepper and cover with French dressing.

A plain rice pudding, the variety that is made with rice and milk and without eggs, is much improved by a cupful of almonds, blanched and chopped very fine, is put in to be cooked with the pudding.

Onion juice improves the flavor of scrambled eggs, if onion is liked at all. While a tablespoonful of butter is melting in the chafin dish add a teaspoonful of onion juice or grated onion. This quantity is sufficient for six eggs.

In cooking new peas try for variety, tossing a small onion and one or two stalks of mint in the water in which they are boiled. Take both out, of course, before serving. It will be found an unrecognizable but delicious flavor has been added to the vegetable.

Does She Lose Speed by Running?
"Did you ever," asked an observant and somewhat cynical citizen, "take note of a woman running? I thought not. Well, I have, and I can tell you for a fact that a woman never runs quite as fast as she could walk. Sometimes, when women are hurrying to catch a car or something of that sort, they think they will get over the ground faster if they run; but, so far from accelerating their progress, it rather retards it. All the same, they seem to think they are going a great deal faster than they could walk, and perhaps that answers the purpose just as well. Sometimes I think they know better, but feel that they must make a bluff at speed. At any rate, when you have a good opportunity to estimate a running woman's speed, just do it, and you will be convinced that I am not telling fairy stories."—Utica Observer.

What It Means to Be "Educated."
Any man is educated who is so developed and trained that, drop him where you will in the world, he is able to master his circumstances and deal with the facts of life so as to build up in himself a noble manhood and be of service to those that are about him. That is what education means; that is what it is for. Knowledge of foreign tongues, a list of historic facts concerning the past, information poured into a man's brain—these things are not education. There are learned fools!—Rev. Minot Savage.

Where Bullets Flew.
The late General Wauchop used to tell a story of two Gordon highlanders, one of whom was going into battle for the first time. The crack of rifles was heard in front, and the bullets began to fly. The recruit, feeling that his hour had come, shouted to his mate in the last line: "Dinna bob, George! I'm aint yet!"—London Answers.

Art.
"Is it true that Doodlesley has good taste in art?"
"Well, if you call choosing a few fruit pictures for his dining room good taste he has it."—Detroit Journal.

FOR LITTLE FOLKS.
Young Phone Operator.
Virginia Pixley, 18 months old, daughter of William A. Pixley, knows how to use a telephone. She is believed to be the youngest long distance conversationalist in the world.

Virginia first had a dawning conception of the telephone four months ago when she discovered that by talking into the receiver she could negotiate with her father for candy while he was down town at his office. Mr. Pixley is one of the officials of the local telephone company.

The girls in the central office soon came to know who was wanted when a baby voice called over the phone, "I want my papa."

The most exacting duty of Virginia's nurse is to keep her away from the table which holds the telephone transmitter. She is able to recognize the voices of all the members of the family and to distinguish between them.

There seems to be something of heredity in the child's fondness for the



VIRGINIA AT THE PHONE.

instrument. She has mastered all the details of "calling up" and "ringing off" and is able to repeat the numbers of several telephones in the offices of friends of the family. From the time she was a few months old she watched her father with great interest whenever he used the phone. As soon as she learned to lip a few words she seemed to know intuitively that if she spoke them into the transmitter there would be somebody at the other end who would hear and answer her.

The Bee and the Violet.
The following pretty fable is signed with a non de plume, but the Junior likes to give credit where it is due. The author is Penelope Clarke:

One day a honey bee went buzzing by a little violet.

"Good morning, pretty violet. How are you?" buzzed the bee.

"Good morning to you," said the violet, blushing as bright as could be.

"What good are you to the world?" said the bee. "You do nothing but lie in the grass."

The violet said nothing, but listened quietly to the bee's complaint.

"Look how smart I am," said the bee. "I supply people with honey, but you do nothing at all. Learn at once to be of some use in the world."

"I am of use," said the violet.

"Take my advice," snapped the bee, "but I can't waste my time talking to you." And away he flew.

Just then a girl and boy came into the garden and seeing the pretty violets stopped to pick them.

"Won't mamma be pleased?" said the girl.

"Yes," said the boy. "I would hate to be sick so long."

"This is the prettiest of them all," he said, stooping to pick up the violet who had spoken to the bee.

"It smells the sweetest of them all," said the girl.

"Yes, this is what I will do," thought the violet, filling the air with perfume.

The boy and girl went into the house and gave the violets to their mamma. The bee, unconscious of this, went about his work.

A Glass of Water Under a Hat.
Place a glass of water upon the table, put a hat over it and offer to lay a wager with any of the company that you will empty the glass without lifting the hat. When your proposition is accepted, desire the company not to touch the hat, and then get under the table and commence making a noise, smacking your lips at intervals, as though you were swallowing the water with infinite satisfaction to yourself. After a minute or two come from under the table and address the person who took your wager with, "Now, sir. His curiosity being of course excited, he will lift up the hat in order to see whether you have really performed what you promised, and the instant he does so take up the glass and, after having swallowed its contents, say, 'You have lost, sir, for you see I have drunk the water without raising the hat.'"

Tit For Tat.
"Let's wait in the corner, Nellie. And throw at young Ted that hat; it is only a bit of fun, you know. And there is no harm in that."
"Well, Tom, I should like to do it, but we must not hurt poor Ted; yet he looks so grand and stately, I should like to throw at his head."
"We ought to laugh all together; we wouldn't hurt any one. He can throw at us back again, you know. And snowballs are such fun."
"Well, here goes, Nellie! Oh, Teddy! look out for your new silk hat. Here's one, two, three, make ready for me to knock it flat!"
But Teddy burst out in laughter: "I knew you had me in view. I was getting ready for this game. Here's one, two, three, for you!"

A WALKING DELEGATE.
She is said to be the only woman in such a position. Miss Ellen Lindstrom, the only woman walking delegate in the world, is the leading spirit in the new Domestic Servants' union. She promises to rival in importance all the high dignitaries of the men's labor unions. Miss Lindstrom by a word will be able to make Chicago, or a big part of it, do without



MISS ELLEN LINDSTROM.

its meals or else do the cooking for itself. She represents the Scandinavian element in the new domestic union, but she has no preference for her countrywomen in the matter of leadership. Irish, English, German and Scandinavian, all will have an equal chance of coming to the front as leaders of the women if Miss Lindstrom is to have her way. She is an unusually intelligent woman, who knows the rights of her fellow laborers and whose flashing eye is an indication that she can fight to the last ditch and inspire others to fight with her.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Progressive Cards.

Especially attention is now paid by all progressive establishments to cards for bridesmaids' luncheons and wedding breakfasts. It is possible to secure designs of Cupids aiming the deadly shafts, or hearts pierced by the latter, or sprays of orange blossoms, or maidens daintily enveloped in folds of bridal illusion.

Silhouette cards can only be secured by sending your stationer the photographs of your expected guests. Although this is something of an undertaking, it is nevertheless often done. The result is a card for each guest having his own portrait carried out in the form of a silhouette.

Medallion designs, showing gallant men and lovely women costumed in eighteenth century fashion and surrounded by heavy gilt frames form another popular suggestion, says the Pittsburgh Post.

Although the French themselves use but few novelties in their cards, French designs carried out by American brushmen command a ready sale. Pierrots and pierrettes, picturesque French bonnets, white capped Norman peasants and flower sellers of Paris form an enchanting series.

For and About Women.

On her special traveling car Mme. Parli has a silver bath opened by a golden key.

The queen of Greece is the only woman in the world who holds the rank of honorary admiral. She received that dignity from the late Czar Alexander III.

The jewels which the Duchess of Cornwall has taken with her to Australia are insured against all risks for \$75,000. Those of the duke are insured for \$2,000.

An organ will be erected in Massey hall, Toronto, as a memorial to Queen Victoria. The instrument and tablets are to cost more than \$30,000.

Adelaide Ristori, the actress, widow of the Marquis de Grillo, is engaged to be married to Senator Cassana, mayor of Turin. Mme. Ristori is 81 years of age.

The empress dowager of Germany possesses a unique tea service. The tea tray has been beaten out of an old Prussian half penny. The teapot is made out of a German farthing, and the tiny cups are made from coins of different German principalities.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

A Daisy Luncheon.

This, given under the trees, is particularly pleasing. Have as many round tables as are needed to accommodate the guests, not too large in size to detract from the dainty scheme of the occasion. Cover these with large pieces of white cloth cut in daisy shape, the petals reaching the edge of the table, the center being cut out so that the space will allow placing there a heaped up bowl of daisies.

The menu, so long as it is of the sort to please the feminine palate, is of little consequence, as anything is sure to taste delicious when served amid such environments. To follow out the idea of the daisy as the decorative principle china painted with daisies should be used. The leas may be served in the shape of daisies, pistache forming the leaves and vanilla or some water ice the petals, with frozen custard of genuine blue fashioning the center.

Women Doctors.

The government of Bosnia has passed a law appointing women doctors to attend women in the principal towns. They are established and endowed by law. The lady doctor is to bear the official title of wundarzarin, to be paid a yearly income of 1,000 gulden from state resources and to be provided with a free dwelling or with a further sum of 200 to 300 gulden for lodgings. In places where the population exceeds a certain number an additional grant is to be made from local funds. Every candidate for one of these posts must be provided with a doctor's diploma or a certificate that she has passed the examination of medical board appointed by the stat

Who Takes the Cake?

In an old number of What to Eat is found a suggestion which will lessen the cure of hostesses.

"Who takes the cake?" is a most merry-making scheme to assist in making delightfully entertaining a luncheon. The hostess provides upon slips of paper what may be termed cake conundrums. These are neatly written and wound upon coarse steel knitting needles into little rolls and tied with baby ribbon to match the color scheme of the table.

These are brought in and passed to the guests, each taking one, just after serving the after dinner coffee. The hostess announces that each is to guess the name of the cake suggested on her slip, adding, the one who gives the most correct answers wins the prize of a delicious cake, which should be exhibited. The hostess has a list of the answers, and when one misses the "hit" she reads it, to the merriment of the crowd. For instance, one slip reads: Name the president's cake. The answer is (election). The parenthesis must not appear on the slips. A list recently used, and very wittily selected, is given for suggestion:

- Name the geologist's cake. (Mountain.)
 - Name the advertiser's cake. (Puff.)
 - Name the farmer's cake. (Corn.)
 - Name the tailor's cake. (Measure.)
 - Name the milliner's cake. (Ribbon.)
 - Name the devout cake. (Angel food.)
 - Name the jeweler's cake. (Gold.)
 - Name the lover's cake. (Kisses.)
 - Name the author's cake. (Short cake.)
 - Name the pugilist's cake. (Pound.)
 - Name the office seeker's cake. (Washington.)
 - Name the idler's cake. (Loaf.)
- Many others can be added by the clever hostess.

Girl Tobaccoists.

"Goodwin Sisters, Dealers in Cigars and Tobacco," is the sign which hangs over a flourishing cigar store in Boston. The proprietors of the business are two extremely pretty and bright young women who chose to make their living by going into business rather than by putting on spectacles, cutting their hair short and setting up as schoolmarm's in the regulation way. The sisters have been successful, and their success has brought with it some degree of embarrassment.

A few weeks ago a brief account of their unique enterprise was printed in a Boston paper, and since that time they have been almost overwhelmed with offers of marriage. These offers come from all sorts of men and from all parts of the country. Miss Mattie, the youngest sister, has already filed away 36 offers, and every mail adds to the list. One of the most persistent of her suitors is a Maine farmer who has 3,000 bushels of potatoes and a cow to lay at her feet. Meanwhile the young woman serves notice that she does not intend to get married until she is 50 years old, a statement which puts the date off a matter of more than 25 years.—Providence Journal.

Consumers' League.

The Consumers' (or Shoppers') league is showing fresh signs of growth. Funds are coming in from the Pennsylvania branches for the support of the national league, and steps are being taken to arrange for an exhibition at the Pan-American of all kinds of muslin underwear bearing the consumers' label, which guarantees that the sewing is done under healthful conditions. One of the chief objects of the society is to show the danger of wearing sweatshop and tenement house made clothing. Testimony is accumulating on this point from physicians, nurses, inspectors and others. The head of the nurses' settlement of New York said before the commission of investigation: "Tuberculosis seems to be the disease most dreaded. We see so much of it that we call it 'tailor's disease.' And we have frequently found people working on garments in a room where there was scarlet fever."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Artemus Ward on "Woman's Sphere."

In one of the multitudinous discussions going on nowadays as to the limits of "woman's sphere" Mr. Artemus Ward's description of a woman addressing her fellow passengers in a railroad train on the subject has been revived by an exchange. He speaks of her, to quote one of his own expressions, "thusly." "She said every woman should have a Spear. She went on: 'What is my Spear? Is it to stay at home & darn stockin' or is it the servile of a domineering man, or is it my Spear to vote & speak & show myself the equal of a man? Is there a sister in these keers that has her proper Spear?' saying which the eccentric female whirled her umbrella around several times & finally jabbed me in the weskitt with it. 'Have no objections to your going into the Spear business,' sez I, 'but you'll please remember I ain't a pickerel. Don't Spear me again, if you please.'"

To Clean Hats.

Fine straw or panama hats which are very much soiled can easily be made presentable by scrubbing quickly with a saturated solution of oxalic acid. Use a small brush and dry quickly to prevent warping. Keep the solution out of hair's way, and remember it is no more innocent if called "salts of lemon." Mark the bottle "Poison" in red ink.

Fastidious Golfing Maids.

Some women are particular about the color of their golf club bags, and they can be varied to quite an extent, says the New York Times. There are the all leather bags and the leather and canvas bags, and if a woman wears a golf suit of the old fashioned brown holland, which is a new fashion for this year, she can have a bag to match it almost exactly.

The Chief Difference.

"The superstition which prevailed in the middle ages is hard to understand in this enlightened era," remarked the optimist.

"Yes," replied the man who prides himself on being a chilly proposition, "it does seem surprising that the palmists and astrologers and other fortune tellers of those days should have been wise enough to advertise their business as they do now."—Washington Star.

PLACING TEACHERS.

MODERN PLAN OF BRINGING TUTOR AND SCHOOL INTO TOUCH.

The Business of Supplying Instructors For Institutions of Learning Is Now Largely in the Hands of Special Agencies.

We have advanced a long way beyond the day when ambitious young Nicholas Nickleby found his only opportunity of becoming a teacher in Wackford Squeers' famous advertisement, "N. B.—Assistant master wanted; \$5 annual salary." The fitting of schools with teachers and teachers with schools is now a distinct business, one of the myriads of later day industries which flourish in the metropolises.

In the city are several agencies which do a large and remunerative business in furnishing institutions of learning with teachers. These agencies are in constant touch with colleges and normal schools on one hand and with the schools of the country on the other. The agency deals in teachers almost as a merchant does in dry goods. The agency studies its customers and knows the availability of the material it places on the market.

Providing a school with a teacher has come to be almost entirely a business transaction. The normal school or college is the factory which can be relied upon to turn out a certain number of teachers annually. The agency is the market place, and the agent is the salesman who disposes of the college product to the consumers, the ever increasing schools of the country.

One of the largest of the city agencies is on the second floor of a quiet old building not far from Union square. In the main office, which is carpeted and handsomely furnished, eight clerks are at work answering letters and applications from both prospective teachers and from schools. In an inner office the aspirant for the office of pedagogue is put through a series of questions to test his or her ability. On the result of this interview depends the classification in which his services are placed upon the market.

An idea of the modus operandi of the teachers' supply business as it is conducted was given to the writer a few days ago by the manager of this agency. It is usually in junior year at college that a young man decides upon his profession. If it be teaching, he opens a correspondence with the agency, of whose existence he is first informed by the college authorities. The return mail brings him a blank, which he fills out with answers to many questions. He has to tell all about himself, from his religion to his ability in athletics. He also furnishes references which the agency carefully investigates. If they are satisfactory, the young man is invited to visit the agency during his next vacation. On that occasion the questions put to him are very exacting ones. His manners, his bearing, his conversation, are all carefully noted and recorded. He is then informed as to what sort of a teacher's position he is eligible for, and his name is in the market.

So much for the history of the applicant's side of the transaction, but all the time that his eligibility is being considered orders are coming in for teachers. Boards of education in various cities want teachers for public schools. City private schools need instructors. Rich men write for tutors for their sons, and there is a demand for governesses and kindergarteners.

All the delicate questions of the adaptability of the applicant for the place must be decided by the agent. He brings to his task the result of years of experience, and on its successful performance depends the receipt of future orders for teachers. From both school and applicant the agent receives a commission as his profit on the transaction.

"I am not a teacher myself," said the manager of the agency spoken of, "and never have been one. In fact, I could never quite understand why any clever young person wants to be a teacher."

"I suppose it is because teaching is an intellectual pursuit, and the number of vocations of that kind is not on the increase nowadays. It is certainly a fact that the list of men and women who aspire to be teachers grows longer every year, although much more is required of a teacher now than formerly."

"There was a time when the scholarly attainments and good moral character of an applicant were the only things considered, but that time is past. A teacher to succeed nowadays must have good manners and address. He must have savoir faire and be able to set an example to his pupils in culture and refinement."

"The ordinary pay of a teacher at the beginning is \$800 per year. By an exhibition of special excellence in his department he can rise in the profession to be a principal or even a college professor. Although the work of the primary school teacher is infinitely more exacting he is not paid nearly so well as one who labors in high or even intermediate grades."

"For reasons which are incomprehensible to me women teachers are never paid as much as men for the same work. It is not at all unusual for us to receive a letter from some school requesting a teacher for some particular department. It makes no difference to us, the letter will say, whether you send us a man or woman, but if a man the salary will be a third more than to a woman."

"Because a teacher fails to make a success in his first charge it does not at all follow that he is unfitted for the profession. In fact, I frequently send teachers to beginners' positions in the belief that the experience they will receive there will only fit them for the more serious work which will come later on."

"The one besetting sin of young inexperienced teachers is conceit. They think they know it all. To attempt to reason with them or to offer suggestions is worse than useless. The only thing to do is to place them under a year's contract as masters of a lot of boys, in some distant school, whose chief ambition is to make the teacher's life miserable. If they do not lose their conceit during that year's training and annoyance, we decide that they are impossible, but they usually do, and when they apply to us for a second engagement they are usually exceptionally competent."—New York Mail and Express.

VOLSTOJO ON SUICIDE.

Self Destruction Shows a Perverted Idea of the Object of Life.

The question, "Has a man the right to take his own life?" is ignorantly framed. In this matter there can be no question of right. We can only ask, "Is it wise (and therefore moral, for wisdom and morality are identical) to kill oneself. No, it is foolish, as foolish as it would be to cut the stalk of a plant that one wishes to destroy. The plant does not perish, but its growth becomes distorted."

Life is indestructible, it is independent of time and space, and therefore death can only alter the form of life and destroy its manifestations in this world. But if I put an end to my life in this world in the first place I do not know whether life in the next will be more agreeable and in the second place I deprive myself of the possibility of winning for myself all that may be attainable in this world.

Besides, and this is the main point, it is foolish for me to kill myself because by putting an end to my earthly life merely because it seems unpleasant I show that I have a perverted idea of the object of life.

I assume the object to be enjoyment, while its real purposes should be the perfecting of my individuality (ego) and the service of humanity in general. Suicide is therefore immoral. Our life is given to us to be used until its natural end in the service of others. But the suicide enjoys life only so long as it seems pleasant to him, whereas in all probability its usefulness is just beginning when it becomes unpleasant. Every task is disagreeable at first.

For more than 30 years a man lay in a Russian cloister paralyzed and able to move only his left hand. The physicians said that his suffering must have been intense, but he made no complaint and, crossing himself and fixing his eyes on the sacred images, constantly gave thanks to God for the feeble spark of life that was left to him. He was visited by many thousands of people, and it is impossible to estimate the good that went out to the world from this man, who was almost deprived of the power of motion. Certainly he accomplished more good than thousands of whole and sound men who fancied that they were benefiting mankind in every possible way.

So long as life remains in a man he can perfect himself and serve humanity. But he can serve humanity only by perfecting himself, and he can perfect himself only by serving humanity.—Count Leo Tolstoi.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

A tablespoonful of flour added to the starch keeps curtains stiff much longer.

Rusty French or black lacers may be freshened by dipping them into weak tea and then pressing them on a flat surface between newspapers.

The smoke of a common wood fire has been recommended as an economical and efficacious disinfectant for sickrooms or other contaminated places.

Pieces of unshaken lime in earthen bowls placed in different rooms will, it is said, improve the atmosphere on a humid day. The lime will absorb the water from the air.

The dust cloth for any room should be lightly sprinkled before using and should be washed and dried after every dusting operation. Dirty dust cloths do more harm than good in cleaning a room.

For covering up cracks and mending celluloid articles a mixture of three parts alcohol and four parts ether has been recommended. The fractures are coated with this, pressed together and then allowed to dry for 24 hours.

The inequipped brass knobs and trimmings used on furniture are best cleaned with a soft cloth wet in alcohol. All unhequipped brasses should be first washed in warm soap suds and then rubbed with salt and vinegar applied with a flannel cloth.

Five Stages of the Sword.

It may be said that the evolution of the sword has passed through five distinct stages. First came the epoch of pure carnage, when men seemed to howl and hack each other for the mere pleasure it gave them; next the era of legend, when stupendous and impossible feats of arms were said to have been accomplished. Then followed the feudal time, a curious mixture of bloodshed and religion, when the piety of the crusaders was proved by their ability to slash the equally bloodthirsty Saracens.

Succeeding this period sprang the noble season of skillful fence, as the sword, no longer a weapon of pure attack, became a mixed arm of offense and defense combined. Finally we see its fall, being today a mere military accoutrement, after attaining a glory that no one dreamed of during the days of its first rude and barbarous use.

A Discussion in Genealogy.

They were at dinner at their country home at Southampton. A poor cousin was the only guest. The mother, who is an aristocrat of the aristocrats, was expatiating for the benefit of the cousin on the excellence of her genealogy. She told how this branch traced to Lord of England, this to the kings of Scotland, and to the old prerrevolution families of France and the other to a family of Irish kings, who 900 years ago.

Suddenly a precocious 6-year-old daughter, who took a great interest in her father's kennel of dogs, spoke up: "Mamma, why are you proud of that? If you mix up a lot of dogs, papa says they make curs. Ain't people the same?"

The father laughed, the cousin concealed his mirth, the mother flushed, and the genealogical discussion ended.—New York Times.

Importance of the Novel.

Every one loves a story, and scholars are awakening to the fact that a force the modern novel is. It is the dominant literary form of today, as is proved by our public libraries and by publishers' sales. The novel is an all covering tyrant that has choked the life out of the older literary forms. Some think it is the decadence of literature, but that is not my position. The modern novel is a great and potent power for good or evil, and it remains with us to make the good abiding and to exclude the evil.—Professor or Burton.

The Light of Journalism.

Newspapers, like individuals, vary greatly in character. Some are as good as the public will let them be, and others are doing their worst to make the public as bad as they can cause it to be. But journalism, as a whole, is a power that makes for righteousness; it is an advancing power, and the darkness that would come over the world without it is almost beyond conception.—Boston Her

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SATURDAY, SEPT. 14, 1901.

WILLIAM MCKINLEY.

The American nation is grief stricken. Columbia sits bowed down in sack cloth and ashes. Her greatest president since Lincoln lies pallid and mute, with the seal of death upon him,—the victim of an assassin's aim.

It is all too soon for editorial comment that can do justice to the extreme sobriety of the occasion. The shock has stunned all minds. Men speak in undertones; women talk with twitching lips and filling eyes; children, realizing in a dim sort of way that something of unusual moment has happened, burst into tears.

It is one of the blackest days in the history of this republic, founded by Washington and perpetuated to such a notable degree by the wise, conservative, earnest, fearless man who now lies awaiting the shroud, in that hushed and dimly lighted room in the Milburn residence.

He who has thus been prematurely cut off from the people who loved and revered him was not of common mould. He was a man among men. Stalwart in his Americanism, honest in his intents, firm in his convictions,—William McKinley was respected to an unwonted degree among all classes of the millions who hailed him as their chief executive.

The ship of state has been ever safe under his pilotage. His rudder hand never failed. His eye was never blurred. When the shadow of death wrapped its folds about his form, then the American republic entered upon a new era. And so cruelly abrupt came the change that over the whole broad land stole a hush of horror and indignation.

William McKinley died as he had lived,—brave, and God-trusting. There was no shrinking as he went down into the shadow. Proud as the American nation has ever been of him as its chief executive, its intense sorrow now is tempered in a measure by admiration of the manner in which he met his fate: no word of complaint or of fear, nothing but a spirit of beautiful resignation to the will of his God, coupled with a universal farewell to the people whom he loved.

"Good by,—all good by. It is God's way. His will be done." This touching leave-taking of his country will illuminate American history as long as pages are turned and read.

While walking among us here on earth, William McKinley was simple and unaffected. So, in the moments of dissolution, he parted from us as a comrade, on the plane of common fellowship.

Hats off to his honor Judge George Dewey!
Wellington seems to be marching to his Waterloo in Maryland without an ally.
As between the Columbia and the Shamrock, and the Brooklyn and the New York, may the best boat win!

In mentioning the blessings of civilization when he writes home Minister Wu will kindly avoid any reference to anarchists.

Emma Goldman insists that she is merely a harmless person who has made the common mistake of talking too much.

The predictions as to a rise in the price of coal are some how always more reliable than predictions concerning the weather.

It is a great pity that the same zeal and precision cannot be displayed in impounding dangerous cranks as is devoted to stray dogs.

Russell Sage was recently caught by a bankrupt for \$372. This will probably cause Mr. Sage to worry along this winter with his last year's hat.

Mr. Devery of New York recently received a cigarette box which was suspected of being an infernal machine. But precautions had been taken to render it perfectly harmless, even to the extent of removing the cigarettes.

It is surmised that Czolgosz has not conducted himself in a manner satisfactory to anarchists, and that if he should by any miracle escape the law he will be executed by his own associates. There is not much chance that any society will ever lay hands on him, but there is no objection to doubling the precautions against his escape.

Morally, Emma Goldman is today undoubtedly guilty of conspiracy to kill the president if Czolgosz drew from her his idea to shoot. Legally she may evade the charge. If there is a lapse in the laws which will permit her thus to escape the consequences of her teachings, the lack should be forthwith supplied by the enactment of a statute proscribing the public utterance of views calculated to lead or even to mislead men or women to commit murder.

Wellington, the Maryland senator, had omitted several other flashes of partial self revelation before his ugly blaze against the stricken president lighted up unexpected depths of ignominy in his unhappy soul. By the unanimous vote with which his former associates and supporters of the Union League of Maryland send him forth "with shame and poaching" he stands in a pillory of public contempt such as few men who have ever misrepresented a community have to endure. It is an awful verdict, but it will be wholesome. With a few verbal changes the resolution would serve as a model for similar action from the national senate.

MAPLEWOOD FARM ENTRIES.

Maplewood farm names the following horses for the Readville races next week: Futurity of \$2000 for two years old trotters, Minetta, by Mickey and unnamed by Moko; 2:24 trot, Elceta; 2:10 pace, Betonica; three years old trotting futurity, Pauline, by Potential; 2:23 trot, Katrina G.; 2:10 trot, Who Is It, Phoebe Onward and Idolia; 2:12 trot, Phoebe Onward; 2:16 trot, Belle Derry. George Van Dyke names Early Bird, Jr., in the 2:23 pace, Hiley Bird in the 2:23 trot, Claycops in the 2:17 pace and Loma in the 2:10 trot. George E. Wallace of Rochester enters Louise G. in the 2:10 pace.

SPAN OF LIFE.

Next Monday evening at Music hall, that unique and highly successful play, The Span of Life, will be the attraction. The piece is a melodrama of intense interest and allows excellent scope for scenic display and highly dramatic situations. We are informed that at no time during the performance does the interest lag for an instant. There is enough comedy interwoven to break the monotony and furnish food for laughter. The company presenting the play this season is spoken of as being a better one than any which has yet been seen in this play. In the third act, the famous living bridge, from which the title of the play is derived, is given. Mrs. Blunt and her child are taken prisoners by the villain, Leech, who has become a leader among the Arab slave hunters. Attired as Arabs, Blunt's friends take him before Leech as a prisoner. As soon as Leech turns his back, Blunt and his wife and child are released. They fly to the mountains. Blunt's friends cross a chasm by means of a bridge. Ere it is reached by Blunt and his wife and child, the Arabs appear and throw the bridge into the chasm just as the fugitives reach it. Then is formed The Span of Life and the heroine and her child cross over.

Hotel Poonahontas, at Gerrish island, will remain open till September 2nd.

TANGIN
There is no guesswork about TANGIN—it is a safe remedy for suffering womankind

NO LAW VIOLATED.

What Mr. Tuttle Says About the Train Service Between Portsmouth and Concord.

Mayor Harry G. Sargent of Concord has received a communication from President Tuttle of the Boston & Maine railroad, in which reasons are given as to why the petition for better train service on the Portsmouth branch could not be granted. The petition was submitted early in the season. The answer says:

"The request that the train leaving Concord on Saturday evening and returning on Monday morning, be made a daily train, came after our summer time table was fully arranged, and we found it impossible to rearrange our schedules to comply with this request without incurring an expense that would be prohibitive of making a change for this summer's service. We also found that the amount of business that would in all probability be accommodated by running the train every week day would not reimburse first cost of the additional train service required.

"As to the other points referred to in the accompanying petition, charging a violation of the law of 1861, in the operation of the trains between Concord and Portsmouth: I would respectfully suggest that we do not admit any disregard of this law, as claimed. Even if this provision is still in full force, and has now all the effect that it was originally designed to have, the spirit and intention of it are fully observed.

"I would also suggest that the railroad commissioners of the state, whose function it is to be informed as to the manner in which railroads are operated, with reference to the requirements of laws, and for the security and accommodation of the public, in no way, to my knowledge, having complained of or suggested any disregard of the legal obligations of this corporation in the respect indicated."

THE RENEWAL OF STRAIN.

Vacation is over. Again the school bell rings at morning and at noon, again with tens of thousands the hardest work has begun, the renewal of which is a mental and physical strain to all except the most rugged. The little girl that a few days ago had roses in her cheeks, and the little boy whose lips were then as red as you would have insisted that they had been "kissed by strawberries," have already lost something of the appearance of health. Now is a time when many children should be given a tonic, which may avert much serious trouble, and we know of no other so highly to be recommended as Hood's Sarsaparilla, which strengthens the nerves, perfects digestion and assimilation, and aids mental development by building up the whole system.

REAL ESTATE CONVEYANCES.

Following are among the conveyances of real estate in the county of Rockingham for the week ending Sept. 11, as recorded in the registry of deeds:

Oandia—S. Frank Colby, Haverhill, to Ernest S. Colcord, land \$1, deeded in 1898.

Derry—Isaac S. Campbell, Salem, to Rodney S. Campbell, Boston, two-ninths land and buildings, \$40, deeded in 1895.

Epping—William H. Pike to Mary V. Pike, land and buildings, \$1.

Exeter—George W. Chesley to Frank H. Chesley, both of Boston, half the Gilman A. Loud place, Winter street, \$1; George W. and Frank H. Chesley to Thomas J. Chesley, Boston, land \$1; Frank H. Chesley to George H. Gooch, the Gilman A. Loud place, \$1; Thomas J. Chesley to last grantee, land, \$1; last grantee to Exeter Brass Works, same two premises, \$1.

Hampstead—Benjamin W. Clark et al. to Andrew M. Moulton, land, \$1.

Hampton—Moses Brown to Daniel M. Redman, marsh land, \$260, deeded in 1855; last grantee to David J. Lamprey, North Hampton, same land, \$1.

Londonderry—John M. Chase to P. A. Reid, Jr., land, \$500; other land, \$1, deeded in 1897; Frank A. Emerson, Manchester, to Annie Grain and Lumber Co., half certain land, \$1.

Portsmouth—Harriet E. W. Graw to Mary E. Frisbie, land on Broad street, \$1; Alfred L. and Thomas L. Elwyn, Philadelphia, to George F. Oulton, land on Langdon park, \$1; George W. Rundlett to George L. Meloon, land on Austin street, \$750; John J. Fletcher to Nathan Whalley, land and buildings on State street, \$1.

Sandown—Silas B. Whitney, Lynn, to Joseph Williston, Lowell, Mass., the Timothy Wells homestead in Sandown and Chester, \$1.

Seabrook—Abbott A. Locke to Frank P. and John W. Dow, 2nd, land and buildings, \$1; John W. Dow, 2nd, to Frank P. Dow, rights in same premises, \$1; Abram F. Sonthorpe to William H. Walton, grantor's homestead, \$650; last grantee to Eugene E. Severance, same premises, \$1.

The Pan-American closes November 1st.

BUILDING ENTERPRISES.

Statement of Engineering and Construction Outlined During the Past Week.

The estimated cost of new building and engineering enterprises projected throughout New England during the past week, as compiled by The F. E. Dodge company, approximates \$1,735,000 as against \$1,426,000 during the corresponding week last year, making a total of \$125,774,000 to date this year as against \$69,988,000 for the corresponding period last year.

Contracts have actually been awarded this week for \$3,117,000 worth of work. Throughout Boston and vicinity the amount of work projected during the week approximates \$582,000 making \$49,871,000 to date, and contracts have been awarded on \$1,002,000 against \$222,000 last week.

About 37 per cent of the work projected in New England for the week is for dwellings, apartments and hotels, while 16 per cent is for mills, factories and other manufacturing buildings.

OBSEQUIES.

The funeral of Horace Percy Martin was held at his home on Winter street at half past two o'clock this afternoon, very many friends being in attendance. The service was by the Rev. George E. Leighton, pastor of the Universalist church. Interment was in the family lot in Proprietors' cemetery. The funeral director was Mr. Oliver W. Ham.

The body of the son of Mrs. Lizzie E. Aldrich of 49 Middle street will arrive here today from Boston, and funeral services will be held on Sunday.

FOR MONDAY EVENING.

With an entirely new and elaborate scenic environment, marvellous mechanical efforts, brilliant electric illuminations, and an exceptionally strong company of metropolitan actors, the favorite sensational melodrama, The Span of Life, will be the attraction at Music hall on Monday evening, September 16th, and it will prove potent to fill the house and please the people, for its own long period of popular favor is a guarantee. Messrs. Zimmerman and Donazetta, the managers, promise that the production this season will in every respect eclipse that of any previous year, and as "the Span" has always been given on the most elaborate scale, much can be expected. The famous acrobats, the Donazettas, are a strong feature of this presentation, and their work is so well known that words of praise cannot be too liberally bestowed on them.

AT THE NAVY YARD.

Shipkeeper Trefethen is on the sick list.

Several new officers have been ordered to the U. S. S. Eagle.

Arrangements have been completed for the sale of the condemned ship house.

Chief Morrison of the construction department is on a fifteen days' leave of absence.

The bluejackets and marines crossed bats on the parade ground Friday afternoon, the latter winning by a score of 14 runs to 11.

Owing to the serious turn in the condition of President McKinley, the hop arranged for this evening has been indefinitely postponed.

The following mechanics will be required on the navy yard today: 4 shipwrights, 2 riveters, 1 holder on, 5 shipfitters, 5 shipfitters' helpers, 5 all round machinists, 5 machinists' tool hands, 1 moulder, 4 blacksmiths, 3 blacksmiths' helpers, 10 boatbuilders, 3 joiners, 7 laborers and 5 cabinet makers.

KITTERY.

Miss Grace Spinney of Greenwood, Nova Scotia, is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Chick.

Mr. Elmer Burnham has recovered from a short illness.

The Rice public library closes today for two weeks in order that the librarian may take her annual vacation.

Lawyer Charles C. Smith has returned from a visit to friends in Limerick.

Quite a number attended the lecture in the Second Christian church given by the Rev. W. W. Simpson last evening.

New Departure

I have a new stock of
Wall Papers and Paints
Which I can furnish at
Lowest Prices.
Charles E. Walker,
Government St., Kittery, Me.

Senator Mason has been quoted as asking, "How does a United States senator earn his salary?" It is hoped that the senator's conscientious scruples on this point are not going to lead him to over-exert himself.

The Herald has all the latest news

ACHIEVEMENT.

Who says we fail? We prosper beyond dreams. As architects of ruin we have no peer. We thought to fire but farmsteads; we have lit a flame less transient in the hearts of men. We are still at building? Yet have we at least destroyed to better purpose than we knew. We have raised up heroes where we found but hindes.
We have straggled well; our rapine is not vain. Redder from our red rooftops the wild rose of freedom shall afresh hereafter spring. And in our own despite are we the sires of liberty, as night begets the day. Sufficient claim to memory this I deem, Title enough, were other passport none.
—William Watson in Speaker.

BASUTO MARRIAGE CUSTOMS.

The Fatter the Bride the More Cattle She Costs.

Among the curious customs of the Basuto—customs which never change, but are handed down from generation to generation—are those connected with marriage. Suppose, good reader, you were a young Basuto and had been smitten by the sight of a pretty face (the Basuto idea of beauty is quantity; the lady must be fat—very fat—or she has no chance of being considered beautiful), you would be an aggressor against the laws of etiquette were you to speak to her, though you might look at her admiringly. Should the attraction prove irresistible, your proper course of procedure would be to hunt up some old lady friend—if a mutual friend so much the better—and confide to her your wish to settle down and marry that particular fair one, begging her to arrange everything for you as soon as possible. This she would gladly do, taking the first opportunity to call on the mother or friends of the wished for bride. The two ladies would then talk it over, discussing ways and means and your position in Basuto society. A large amount of tact is necessary, as the mother of the lady must be convinced that the marriage is in every way desirable. If your friend could convince her that such was the case, you might consider that fortune smiled on your cherished plans.

To secure to the lady of your choice the full rights of a wife you would pay over to your future father-in-law so many head of cattle, according to agreement, which is always based on the supposed value of the bride, her social position, personal appearance, height, size, beauty, etc. This transfer of cattle makes binding the marital contract, securing the woman from ill treatment at the hands of her husband; for, should he ill use her, she may return to her father or guardian, and so the man loses both his wife and his oven. The parents of your wife would argue that the payment of cattle was the very least you could do to recompense them for all the terrible anxieties and expense that they had gone to in bringing up their daughter for you. Nor do the Basuto ever alter in this respect; even should they become Christians their chiefs compel the payment of cattle for their wives. Of course, herein lies the explanation of the joy manifested at the taking up of a Basuto family. She is blessed up and exhibited by her grandmother, who first shows her and then kisses her, saying: "Luck! From this child come many herds of cattle!" The birth of a boy, on the other hand, is deplored, for he is regarded as an expensive and unprofitable trouble.

But to resume. Being now a son-in-law you must have a care how you deport yourself toward your father-in-law, as you will be expected to take a subservient position in regard to him. He may send for you at any hour of the day or night to do all kinds of menial work, and you may refuse only at your peril. He can require you to prepare skins; buy, dry and clean them for him; plow his fields, sow seeds and attend to his crops; in fact, you are virtually his servant. For the first year after your marriage you would not take your wife far away from her father's home, but would dwell with her in a kraal close to her parents. On the birth of the first child you would perform the ceremony of mokode, which consists in presenting your mother-in-law with a certain number of cattle. Until this time you are not allowed to speak to your mother-in-law, or even to look at her; should you meet her unexpectedly, politeness and custom make it necessary that you should hide your head.

Mentioned in the Will.

Runaway marriages are becoming so common that it is interesting to recall a stern parent of this city who refused to ever again see his only child, a daughter, who had offended him in this manner. Years passed, and the time came for his death without having brought to him any softening toward the girl. As he was a man of great wealth, considerable curiosity was felt to know whether she would be mentioned in his will or whether, as in death, as in life, she was disinherited. He was offered and taken whether her name would even be mentioned. After many and generous bequests to charity the following clause in the will was read:

"I give, bequeath and devise unto my daughter Jane the sum of \$5, in order that she may purchase some strongly written tract on filial obedience."—Philadelphia Record.

Mutton Fat.

Most of the odor of roasting lamb and much of the strong flavor of mutton may be avoided by asking the butcher to remove every particle of outside fat as well as the transparent tissue covering the shoulder or leg. It is that absorbs the flavor from the wool and gives the taste so disagreeable to most people. All first class butchers will do this if asked when dressing the meat.

Vigorous, but Futile.

Wealthy Patient—What is your bill for amputating my leg?
Eminent Surgeon—Three hundred dollars, sir.
Wealthy Patient (filling out a check)—That's a brave offer, doctor, but it will never restore the leg to its normal length.—Chicago Tribune.

Vicissitudes of a Secret.

Ella—Bella told me that you told her that secret if I told you to tell her.
Stella—She's a mean thing. I told her not to tell you I told her.
Ella—Well, I told her I wouldn't tell you she told me, so don't tell her I did.—Brooklyn Life.

The First Essential.

"I wish I could learn how to shave quickly," remarked the very young man.
"First catch your hare," quoted his friend.—Philadelphia Press.

PORTSMOUTH'S SECRET AND SOCIAL SOCIETIES.

WHEN AND WHERE THEY MEET.
A Guide for Visitors and Members.

OAK CASTLE, NO. 4, K. G. R.

Meets at Hall, Peirce Block, High St., Second and Fourth Wednesdays of each month.

Officers—Willis B. Mathes, P. C.; Robert M. Herrick, N. C.; Allison L. Phinney, V. C.; Charles C. Charlsen, H. P.; Fred Heiser, V. H.; Fred Gardner, K. of E.; Charles W. Hanscom, C. of E.; Samuel R. Gardner, M. of R.; George P. Knight, S. H.

PORTSMOUTH LODGE, NO. 97, B. P. O. E.

Meets at Hall, Daniel St., Second and Fourth Tuesdays of each month, except Second Tuesday of June, July and August, and Fourth Tuesday of September.

Officers—True W. Priest, E. R., H. B. Dow, T.; I. R. Davis, S.

PORTSMOUTH COUNCIL, NO. 8, O. U. A.

Meets at Hall, Franklin Block, First and Third Thursday of each month.

Officers—Wm. P. Gardner, C.; Chas. B. Allen, V. C.; Frank Pike, R. S.; Frank C. Langley, F. S.; J. W. Marden, T.; Chas. W. Hanscom, Ind.; Malcolm D. Stuart, Ex.; Wm. C. Berry, I. P.; Wm. Emery, O. P.; Harry Hersum, Trustee.

86900 LODGE, NO. 48, I. O. O. F.

Meets in Odd Fellows' Hall every Thursday evening at 7:30 o'clock.

Officers—Frederic B. Higgins, N. G.; Charles J. Pendexter, V. G.; Howard Anderson, Sec.; Edwin B. Prime, Treas.; Albert C. Plummer, Fin. Sec.

The Degree Flag will be displayed when degrees are to be conferred. Watch for it. All brothers and friends not members of the Lodge are cordially invited to attend the Lodge meetings and are assured a cordial greeting.

YOU CERTAINLY WANT THE PUREST
FINE OLD
KY. TAYLOR WHISKEY
Full Quarts. 8 Years Old.
R. H. HIRSHFIELD, N. E. Agent,
31 DOANE STREET, BOSTON.
For Sale by Case and Bottle by Globe Grocery Co.

MEN AS THEY PASS.
Senator Hawley of Connecticut is the senior surviving officer of the original organization of the Grand Army of the Republic.
Senator Clark's Parisian House is one of the handsomest in that city and generally regarded as only second to that of ex-Queen Isabella of Spain.
General Harris C. Hobart of Milwaukee is one of the few survivors of the Libby prisoners who escaped through the famous tunnel. He is eighty-nine years old.
Henry Rustin, the electrician who designed the Pan-American illumination at Buffalo, is to get a gold medal for his work. He has given golden memories to many thousands.
M. Santos-Dumont, the Brazilian aeronaut, is the son of an enormously wealthy father, who has forty miles of private railway on his estate, 4,000,000 coffee plants and 9,000 laborers.
Sven Hedin, the explorer, reached Charkilik, in the heart of China, last April without hearing of the troubles in the eastern part of the empire. He found the Chinese polite and obliging.
General Nelson A. Miles has had added to his collection of arms, which is one of the best in this country, a sword worn by Simon Bolivar during one of his South American campaigns.
Governor Orman of Colorado is credited with being one of the best shots in that state and has a collection of trophies won on hunting trips into the Rockies which can be equaled by few sportsmen in this country.
Pierre Maurier, who has just died in Genoa at ninety-eight, lived on Elba when Napoleon was sent there. He used to carry eggs and fruit to Napoleon's kitchen and was once scolded by the emperor for throwing stones at a dog.
Mr. W. C. Whitney's great park in the Adirondacks has never been "lumbered." He is setting a good example to forest owners and also preserving its value by cutting off the trees over ten inches in diameter, leaving all the smaller ones to grow.
Commissioner Kerr, the head of the city of London court, who is retiring after a long career, is a native of Glasgow. His leaving the bench was delayed some years by the dispute about his pension, which will now be \$15,000 a year. Mr. Kerr is about eighty years old.

Professional Cards.
W. O. JUNKINS, M. D.,
Residence, 98 State St.
Office, 26 Congress St.
Portsmouth, N. H.
OFFICE HOURS: 10 A. M. to 5 P. M.
C. D. HINMAN, D. D. S.,
DENTAL ROOMS, 10 MARKET SQUARE
Portsmouth, N. H.

F. S. TOWLE, M. D.
84 State Street, Portsmouth, N. H.
OFFICE HOURS:
From 9 A. M. to 4 and 7 to 9 P. M.

The Famous
HOTEL WHITTIER,
Open the Entire Year.
Favorite stopping place for
Portsmouth people.
If you are on a pleasure drive you cannot fail to enjoy a meal at Whittier's.
OTIS WHITTIER, Proprietor

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SEA VIEW,
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Where you get the famous
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Most beautifully situated hotel on the coast. Parties catered to.
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STANDARD BRAND.
Newark cement
400 Barrels of the above Cement Just
Landed.
THIS COMPANY'S CEMENT
Has been on the market for the past fifty
years. It has been used on the
Principal Government and Other
Public Works,
And has received the commendation of
many Architects and Consumers generally.
Persons wanting cement should not be
deceived. Obtain the best.
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